



BEAUTIFUL IRELAND



Rev. T. L. CROWLEY, O.P.



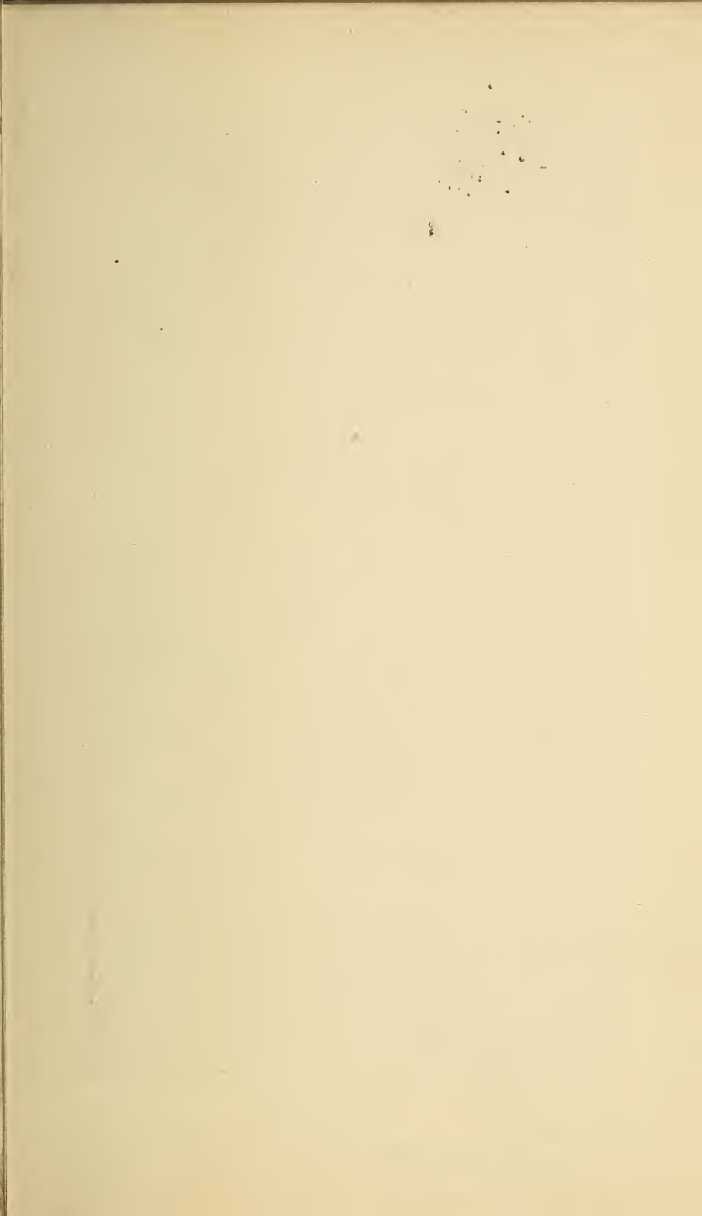
Class DA977

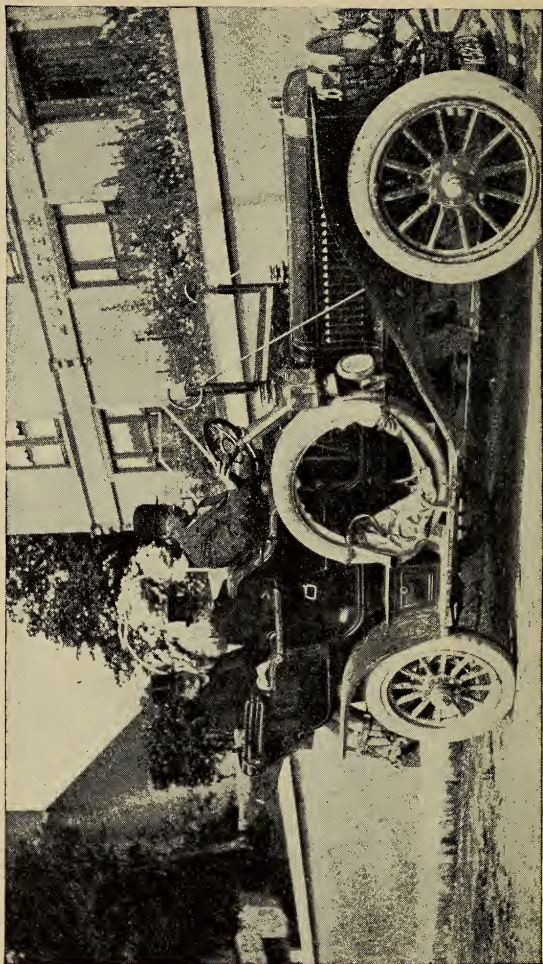
Book C92

Copyright N^o _____

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.







TOURING IN IRELAND

BEAUTIFUL IRELAND

Reminiscences of Erin and Her Children

REV. T. ^{BY} *Timothy Leonard* CROWLEY, O.P.
LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

,
,
, , ,
, ,
, , ,
, , ,

NEW YORK CITY
THE ROSARY MAGAZINE
PUBLISHERS

DA 977
C92



JAN 22 1915

~~8~~ 0.50

© Cl. A 391441

no 1

new Jan. 28/15.

COPYRIGHT, 1914
BY REV. T. L. CROWLEY, O.P.

1914 C. M.

DEDICATION

This volume is affectionately dedicated to my uncle, the Rev. D. O. Crowley, LL.D., of San Francisco, California. To him and my religious superior I owe the delightful experience of traveling on Erin's soil, and to my reverend uncle especially I owe the deeper love which I have acquired for Ireland and her people.

PREFACE

IT is a rare privilege for an Irish-American to visit the birth-land of his parents. The folk-songs of Ireland sung at American hearths, the vivid pictures of Erin's scenic loveliness and the stories of her saints and scholars, statesmen and soldiers, recounted either with pathos or Celtic animation, make the American youth or maiden yearn to visit that fair land hallowed by so many sacred memories.

Ireland's sweet songs were sung for me in my childhood. The beauty of her green fields and sunny skies were oft limned for me with the magic brush of an Irish mother and father and the heroism, valor, suffering, learning and rock-ribbed faith of Erin's sons and daughters told with words of sweet exultation or dire indignation.

I dreamt of Ireland since my boyhood. I longed to behold her sea-beaten cliffs and the majestic sweep of her rivers. I yearned to see her placid lakes, her hills and fields, and

I especially yearned to gaze upon her children in their own land made so redolent with their exalted virtues.

The dream of my boyhood was intensified during the days of my youth. With a growing knowledge of Ireland's history my dream took on the scope of a clearer vision, and the passionate longing of many years culminated in a joyful realization when I gazed upon the ravishing splendor of Ireland's matchless scenery and heard the golden greetings that came from Irish hearts on Irish soil.

To my uncle, the Rev. D. O. Crowley, of San Francisco, and to my religious superior I owe the happy privilege of visiting Ireland.

My uncle is a child of Erin. He breathed her air; he drank of her beauty; he exulted in her glories; he sorrowed in her sufferings.

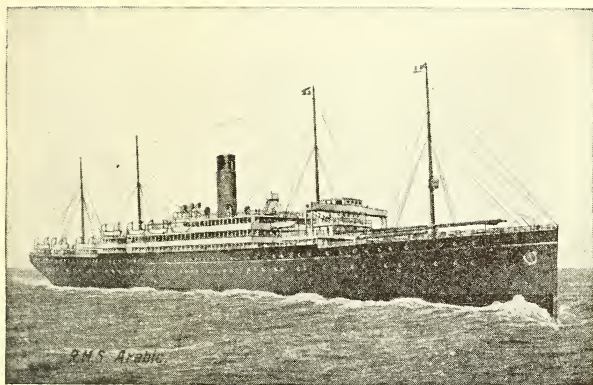
He felt the chains of the oppressor and chafing under the indignity with a sad heart he left his native hearth and sought the hospitable shores of America. His love for Ireland never wavered. It grew mellow with the years. He visited her after twenty-three years of absence, and called again by her plaintive voice from across the seas he journeyed to her embrace a

second time when I had the rare privilege of accompanying him.

I make no apology for offering the itinerary of my visit. I am not reluctant to contribute my quota of praise for the beauties I beheld. Others might have sung of Ireland more tenderly; others might have delineated the magic of her loveliness with more exquisite taste, yet since I lived and rejoiced and wept under her sunny skies I feel that I must offer the tribute of my admiration.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
Across the Main	1
The City of Cork	13
Gougane Barra and Glengariff	30
Castletown-Beare	37
The Lakes of Killarney	78
Muckross Abbey	86
Historic Limerick	91
From the Shannon to Dublin	97
Maynooth Seminary	111
A Journey Northward	125
Along the Western Coast	141
From Mullingar to Dublin	150
Glasnevin and Tallaght	161



STEAMSHIP ARABIC

ACROSS THE MAIN

ON May the seventh, nineteen hundred and twelve, I left Boston. My parents gave me fond greetings to carry to their friends across the sea, and in company with my uncle I boarded the steamer Arabic. Kind friends waved adieus as the steamer left the pier, and after an hour on the water the perspective of the land had almost disappeared. Boston Light soon became a memory and the broad expanse of the ocean was before us.

The thought of leaving fond parents and friends behind cast a momentary shadow of sadness upon me, but knowing that on another day I would return rich with the lore and

beauty of the land they loved my spirit was cheered with this tranquil hope, and each hour I knew was bringing me nearer to the goal of my expectations.

The steamer *Arabic* was a spacious vessel and rode majestically upon the deep. My uncle was buoyant with enthusiasm and at once sought out the self-exiled children of Erin who like himself were again seeking their native shores. He conversed genially with the different groups gathered on the decks, and his kind words and yet kinder Celtic humor soon won him the love of his fellow Gaels.

The social life on the vessel was delightful, and the tedium occasioned by the monotonous expanse of the sea was admirably broken by the converse of the passengers and the exquisite execution of the ship's orchestra.

The ocean air was exhilarating and daily walks on the spacious decks and quiet hours in the library made the days pass quite pleasantly.

Through the courtesy of Captain Fench we both daily visited the passengers in the Second and Third Cabins and our humble ministrations were amply rewarded by the sweet devotion

manifested by the Irish passengers for their Soggarths.

The note of gladness that was dominant in our daily horarium was somewhat shadowed by the information we received one day from the physician that one passenger, an Irishman, was suddenly confined to his bed and that but a meagre hope was held for his recovery.

Michael Gould, a young Irishman from Boston, entered the steamer with the hope of regaining his shattered health on the hillsides of his native land. Macroom was his birthplace, and buoyed by the memories of his childhood he sought the untainted atmosphere of his former home. Our entrance into the oppressive air of the Gulf Stream robbed him of his cherished hope of seeing Ireland, for he sickened, and after a struggle with his unrelenting malady he surrendered his soul on mid-ocean and passed to his Creator.

A young Irish doctor summoned my uncle to the dying man. I accompanied him. My uncle heard the man's confession and to me was assigned the duty of the final anointing. Words fail to express the sadness that clutched at my heart. I knew that this exiled son would

never see the fair shores of his dreamland, his Ireland, and hence his body would soon rest uncoffined in the deep. True to the faith of his ancestors, this Gael centered his thoughts upon eternity, and after sending fond messages of love to his wife and child, he passed tranquilly to the embrace of his Maker.

The next evening at about eleven o'clock the body of this man was carried on the shoulders of six stalwart seamen to the stern of the vessel. The corpse in a canvas bag was covered with an English flag. It was placed on a rest, and while a large gathering of passengers reverently pressed around, and the captain, officers, and my uncle stood with uncovered heads, I read the prayer for committal to the sea. The sky was somewhat cloudy that night, and while I stood beneath a dim electric light the solemnity of the scene deeply impressed me. After I gave the last blessing to the mortal remains of this poor child of Erin, a section of the railing at the stern was removed and the sailors carried the body to the edge of the ship. Holding the English flag at one end, the corpse was quietly slipped under it into the deep, and the long pathway of foam

that followed in the wake of the ship was a fitting shroud for one whose last moments were sweetened by God's ineffable peace.

The next morning Sunday services were held. The non-Catholics assembled in the First Cabin and the Catholics met in the Steerage dining room. There were more Catholics in the Steerage than in the First and Second Cabin, hence my uncle issued a call for the Catholics to gather in the Steerage. About two hundred attended.

The dining room was used for a chapel and though quite commodious was taxed to its utmost. My uncle gave a brief address and in chosen words told how all moving on the bosom of the deep and far removed from land were guided and protected by the merciful hand of God. Father Edward Flannery of Hazardville, Connecticut, led in the recitation of the Rosary and at its completion I had the happy privilege of delivering a short homily on the gospel of the Sunday.

We concluded the services by singing the Te Deum. All joined in the hymn and from the pleased and joyful expression on the faces of those present one could readily see that the

Catholics assembled felt that they had begun the observance of the Lord's day well.

The occasional view of a lone bird winging its way along the deep and at times resting upon the waves assured us that the greater part of our journey was past and that land would soon be a welcome sight. Each day brought new evidences that the shore was not far distant.

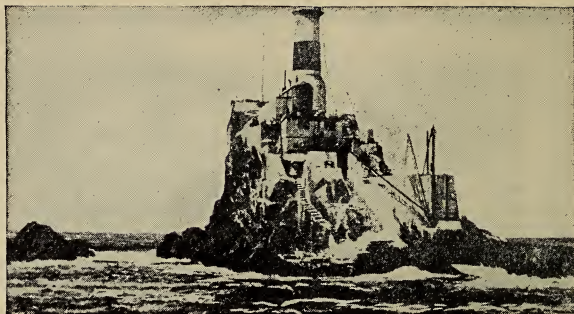
Three or four hundred miles from the coast a few sea-gulls greeted us. One hundred miles nearer greater numbers careered about the vessel. When we were about ten miles from the first objective point fifty or sixty gracefully pinioned their way to us and seemed to bring sweet messages of welcome.

The sea-gulls are beautiful birds to the passengers sight. Their body, head and beak are white and their lilly-like wings are delicately fringed with black. Unaffrighted they gracefully soar and fall in the air and occasionally rest upon the waves. When in view of the shore thousands had joined the first messengers of welcome and their majestic careering over and about the steamer held the passengers in a gentle ecstasy. It seemed that we were in a veritable fairy-land. Gerald Griffin writes very beautifully about these birds:—

White bird of the tempest! oh, beautiful thing,
With the bosom of snow and motionless wing,
Now sweeping the billow, now floating on high,
Now bathing thy plumes in the light of the sky,
Now poising o'er ocean thy delicate form,
Now breasting the surge with thy bosom so warm,
Now darting aloft, with a heavenly scorn,
Now shooting along like a ray of the morn; —

How shall I describe the emotions occasioned by the first appearance of land! How shall I picture the first vague and indistinct outline of Ireland's coast! I thrilled with emotion when I gazed upon it, for I knew of the promised beauty that awaited me. Each plunge of the ship brought the shore into clearer vision and although I treasured the view yet I was disappointed. I looked for the "Green" Isle. I looked for the eternally verdant fields and yet all that met my gaze were the sea-beaten cliffs.

I was an inexperienced traveller and had expected that the first view of Ireland would be filled with her magic beauty. I had forgotten that for centuries the unceasing tides of the Atlantic had lashed her coasts, and that where briny winds and terrific storms had assailed, green cliffs could not exist. The vision of long expected beauty was deferred and my ken for the time was directed upon the ocean-washed shores.



FASTNET ROCK LIGHT HOUSE, COUNTY CORK

After we had passed the Fastnet, a lighthouse erected upon a large boulder in the sea, the land was very visible and in a short time we anchored outside of Queenstown Harbor. We waited here for the arrival of a tender to take those ashore who were going to the southern parts of Ireland.

There was promised pleasure in the eyes of those who were on the tender. The long years of expectation was about to be realized and hence joy beamed from the countenances of Erin's returning sons and daughters. Fond adieus were waved to those who remained on the steamer and the smaller vessel slowly steamed towards the entrance to Queenstown harbor.

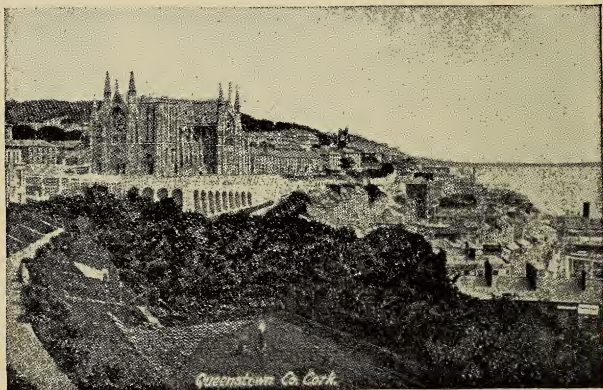
I was with the party on the tender moving towards Queenstown. I was waiting for the realization of my dreams of many years. I was impatient to gaze on Ireland's loveliness. A partial enjoyment was soon granted after passing through the entrance to the harbor. Ireland was indeed beautiful. Her blue waters, her sunny hills and her dappled sky held me in a pleasant ecstasy. The nearer we approached the land the more of Erin's loveliness was unfolded. How comfortable the cottages looked; how glorious appeared the golden gorse on the hillsides; how picturesque were the yachts and ships in the inner harbor. I had heard much about the beauty of Italian skies and their reflection in Italian lakes. A fascinating picture was presented to me and I doubt if it could be surpassed for loveliness.

I saw a tiny white speck in the distance in a cove of the bay. It was a yacht. The background of the yacht was a stretch of ravishing purple as was the water upon which it rested. I was entranced with the beauty of this picture and turned to engage the attention of another priest and lo! when my eyes again sought the scene the beauty was fading. I asked my uncle

the reason for this quick transition and he told me how fitful were the Irish skies. He quoted from Tom Moore's beautiful poem, "Erin the Tear and the Smile in thy Eyes."

Erin the tear and the smile in thy eyes,
Blend like the rainbow that hangs in thy skies!
Shining through sorrow's stream,
Saddening through pleasure's beam,
Thy suns with doubtful gleam,
Weep while they rise.

I readily saw the aptness of the quotation when the hillsides before me became constantly checkered with glorious patches of sunlight and shadow. The hurried flight of clouds assisted in making the change on the hillsides so subtle and fascinating. "The tear" was the sudden rain; "the smile" was the golden burst of sunlight.

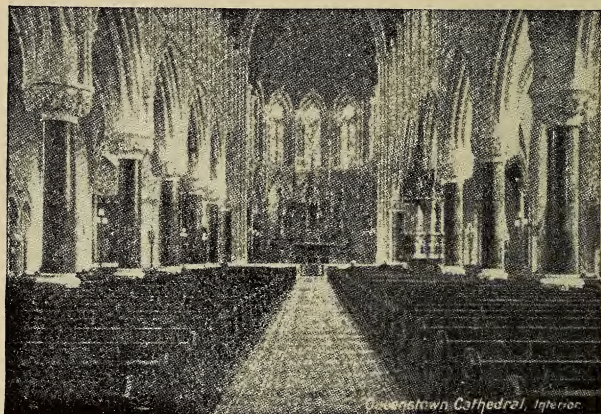


QUEENSTOWN CATHEDRAL

How pleasant it was to gaze upon the majestic church on the hillside. This Catholic church, Queenstown Cathedral, stands out prominently among all the other buildings of the town and from its eminence it welcomes back the travel-stained pilgrim to the land consecrated by Catholic blood. Its spire points to the same Heaven towards which every Catholic exile has been taught to raise his or her heart in constant prayer.

I was amused and pleased to see the Irish names of shop-keepers over their places of business. In the United States we are accustomed to what some call distinctively American names over the entrances to business houses. The names of Mulligan, Sullivan, Mahoney, Cotter, Dorgan and O'Neil had a true Irish ring in them. This feature as I remarked pleased me but my surprise and pleasure were greatly increased when after landing the cab drivers announced the names of Gaelic hotels owned and controlled by such men as McCarthy, Murphy, Casey, Carroll, O'Donovan, and Shea. I could not suppress a burst of merriment when one man invited me to Crowley's Hotel. From this simple utterance I knew that our clan was

not entirely extinct outside of an uncle in Castletown-bere and my relatives in the United States. After an inspection of the town we purchased our tickets at the station and proceeded by train to Cork.



QUEENSTOWN CATHEDRAL, INTERIOR VIEW



BLARNEY CASTLE, COUNTY CORK

THE CITY OF CORK

WE landed at Queenstown on Ascension Thursday. The day was calm and bright, hence my first impression of Ireland was beautiful. The train followed the graceful windings of the river Lee and the scenery was entrancing. Before me was the river that I had heard so much about, "the pleasant waters of the river Lee." I feasted my eyes upon the gently moving waters, losing them at times as we entered a dense wood or low valley.

The season of the year was spring. The month was May. What more delightful month

could we have journeyed. The air was heavy with the exhalations of the hawthorne and the fragrance was made more exquisite from the fact that the air had been recently clarified by a light fall of rain. The beauty of the hawthornes themselves enraptured us and the scenic grandeur of the luxuriant meadows and verdant hills made me exclaim often that Ireland was indeed an Eden of beauty. My first impression of Ireland's beauty was lasting and I doubt if I revelled in any fairer scenes in other parts of Ireland than unfolded to me along the course of the beautiful river Lee.

We left the train at the station filled with delightful memories. With genuine pleasure I gazed upon all objects that met my eyes while we were being driven to our hotel. Cork, I could see, was an interesting city and the vivacity and alertness of its people on the principal thoroughfares charmed me.

After registering at the Imperial Hotel we took a short walk before dinner. The newsboys were not long in discovering that we were not residents of the city as we passed along Patrick Street, and the generous distribution of small coins by my uncle soon brought a small

array of paper venders about us. Their Irish eyes, smiling faces and importunate requests of "Father, give me a penny for a bun" were quite irrisistible.

I was forced to contrast the people I met along the street with people of our American cities. The people of Cork did not suffer by the comparison. There was a manifest culture in their features and a natural refinement in their dress. They had what is seldom seen in American cities—the flushed complexion of robust health. It was a glorious sight to see the crimson-mantled cheeks of young Irish men and Irish women. They spoke eloquently of sane living in a land whose atmosphere is generally untainted. How often has that color faded from Irish cheeks on less hospitable shores.

On the principal streets there was an absence of that nervous activity so common to our American thoroughfares. Business was transacted with a certain degree of alacrity, but people did not hurry as if they were pursued by a tidal wave or were escaping from a fire.

We visited the Dominican Fathers on the evening of our arrival. Their church and

Priory were on the other side of the river from the hotel. The Prior received us very cordially and accorded us permission to celebrate Mass in the church during our stay. I was impressed by the church. Its interior was devotional and the large daily attendance at the Sacrifice of the Mass attested the deep faith of the people.

During our first morning in Cork we strolled about the city. We sought the poorer districts and followed the windings of the narrow streets. Cleanliness was evident everywhere. The small houses with thatched roofs were neatly white-washed and an occasional view into the interior of these dwellings showed the scrupulous care of an industrious Irish housewife. The thatched roof was a tender relic of the old days and is being supplanted now by the less artistic but more substantial slate roof.

We sought an eminence from where we could view the entire city. Following a narrow lane that brought us to the top of a hill we chanced upon a rope maker. The simple devices of his trade were fastened to a wall at intervals of forty or fifty feet, and the smaller cords were so manipulated by the turning of a wheel so as to make a strong and stout rope. This man

was the only one in the city who followed the ancient trade. He talked very intelligently and spoke with a certain enthusiasm about current political affairs in Ireland.

After viewing the beautiful prospect of the city we descended the hill and walked to the Christian Brothers school. If I am not mistaken the institution is called "Our Lady's Mount." I had heard much of the excellent results of Christian Brother training in Ireland and during my short visit was convinced of the thoroughness of the Brother's teaching.

In each class-room one or two laymen, generally recent graduates of the school, assist the Brother in charge. A group of fifteen or twenty pupils is gathered in the different parts of the room and personal attention is given to them. The Brother in charge generally has a group about him or passes from one group to another to watch the progress of the boys under the care of the lay teachers or monitors. The boys recited well and answered questions intelligently. There was a marked neatness in the dress of the boys, and the deep white collars gave a pleasing uniformity to the class.

Irish history and the Gaelic language now

form an important part of the school's curriculum. Both subjects were proscribed until recent years, and now through the indefatigable work of the Brothers the students receive unbiased information about the former history of their country and the language of their ancestors. The Gaelic language is the key which unlocks the treasures of Celtic thought, and is at present daily explained to them.

My uncle talked to the boys in Gaelic and was pleased with their proficiency. Fifty or sixty boys were assembled in one room to sing for us. The harmonious rendering of the songs was exquisite. Irish voices have excellent tone qualities when well trained.

The manual training department is well established. The professor was a very competent man and his pupils often won public prizes for the excellence of their work. All modern methods were taught and expensive modern machinery was installed.

The visitor is especially profuse in his praise for the rare collection of innumerable articles gathered by one Brother in his lifetime and designed to teach the youth the gradual development of many objects both of wear and

utility. From the crude to the perfect state the specimens were well arranged.

Those who have read any of Gerald Griffin's works, or who have read some of his poems, do not fail to leave the Brothers' property without visiting the grave of this illustrious writer. He sleeps with his brethren in their little cemetery. There are no memorial tokens by which attention may be drawn to his sepulchre. The slab is unadorned save for the customary inscription stating the name of the occupant, his birth and death. Irishmen revere the memory of this versatile religious, and are thrilled each time anew after reading his lines. I treasure the recollection of kneeling with my uncle on the greensward of this modest cemetery and offering a few short prayers that the departed who lived hidden lives with Christ on earth might enjoy the fruition of His presence for eternity.

Before leaving the grounds we watched a class in out-door gymnastics. The professor was a layman and a stalwart fellow. He was perfectly graceful in his movements and the boys copied him admirably. We may hear some day of famous athletes whose primary training was received at this institution.

The sweet tones of the Shandon Bells invited us to the church from which their dulcet music floats over the city. All Irish men and Irish women are familiar with Father Prout's poem, or rather, properly speaking, Father Mahony's poem on the "Shandon Bells." It is a delightful tribute of affection. The music of the bells exerted a magic influence over his heart and over the hearts of all Irishmen who have heard them.

THE BELLS OF SHANDON

With deep affection
And recollection
I often think of
 Those Shandon Bells,
Whose sounds so wild would,
In days of childhood,
Fling round my cradle
 Their magic spells.

On this I ponder
Where'er I wander
And thus grow fonder,
 Sweet Cork of thee ;
With thy bells of Shandon
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters
 Of the river Lee.

The church where the bells are is at present a Protestant church. It was taken at one time from the Catholics. We met the janitor at the

door and my uncle asked him if it did not seem strange to him to be in possession of a church held by the descendants of robbers? "All is fair in love and war, sir," was his answer.



SHANDON CHURCH IN THE DISTANCE

In the rear of the church is a graveyard. Father Mahony is buried here. In the large sepulchre where he rests there is room for two more members of his family and when they have passed away the tomb shall be sealed forever.

No pilgrim while in the city of Cork fails to visit Blarney Castle. The castle is about seven miles from the city and is delightfully situated.

The recollections of my visit are still fresh. The jaunting car is an established vehicle in Ireland and my first journey in one was to the castle. The afternoon that we rode through the streets of Cork was filled with glorious sunshine. A light shower had fallen before we started and hence the fragrance of the fields and the charming aspect of nature after we had passed the outskirts of the city delighted me.

My uncle had not visited Ireland for seventeen years. He was keenly sensitive to the beauty about him and the dulcet notes of Irish song birds that had charmed his boyhood years again thrilled him. We paused frequently on the road to listen, and the liquid melody that came from the sylvan abodes yet brings to me a delightful memory. The prospect from the road was beautiful. There is a certain serenity remarkably evident in Irish scenery. The entrancing beauty of Irish hills, meadows and streams seems to bask continually in the smile of an ever present Deity.

An occasional glimpse of the castle was obtained as we ascended an elevation of the road and when the full view was presented the ivy clad ruin looked majestic. How well pre-

served was this monument of other days. The masonry was solid and almost intact and a certain rugged strength was manifest in the entire remains. Narrow stone steps on the inside led to the top. A commanding view of miles of exquisite scenery is had from here and it may be readily noted that the fields are especially luxuriant in this vicinity.

It is not scenery that attracts the pilgrim to Blarney Castle. He may seek scenery as beautiful elsewhere. The magnet, the loadstone that draws Irish men and Irish women to the castle is the famous Blarney Stone. The supposed magic gift of eloquence attributed to the kissing of the stone is humorously believed by the Irish people. The loquacious are generally bantered as having kissed the stone and the truly eloquent are considered to have received their gift from the imprint of their lips upon it. What pleasure there is to gaze upon this stone that has occasioned such a fund of good humor and pleasantry. Many humorous illustrations represent the Blarney Stone as being kissed by persons hanging over the embattlements. The feat of kissing the stone, though attended with some personal danger, is

not as hazardous as generally depicted. The place to be kissed is on the inside and not on the outside of the ruin.

The stone is perpendicular to the floor and is encased in the masonry. It is a part of an outer ledge extending around the summit of the castle. About one foot directly in front of the stone is an open space and by peering over the edge of the stone floor the ground may be seen at a great distance below.

The person desiring to kiss the stone generally lies upon his or her back having both feet well secured by friends. The shoulders are a little extended over the edge of the floor and then by allowing the head to drop slowly in the open space and grasping two iron rods, one on each side of the stone used for supports, the famous stone may be imprinted with the lips.

The feat is dangerous, for if the persons who attend the reclining man or woman should release their hold the recumbent person might slip through the aperture to death below. I know of one instance where death resulted to a person falling through the opening in front of the stone.

before us. Immense oaks and other sylvan giants reared their branches majestically towards heaven and their leafy splendor formed a pleasing canopy.

There were secret recesses throughout the woods. There were delightful glens inviting retirement and retreats among the rocks beckoned one to explore them. Flowers grew profusely and lent both their beauty and fragrance to the charm of their virgin surroundings.

The place at one time was undoubtedly inhabited by the Druids. The peculiar positions of stones and the perfect druidical aspect of the forest leads to this conclusion. The Druids delighted in living at the very heart of nature and their sacrifices, if I mistake not, were offered upon an altar stone peculiarly erected. Three or four stones perpendicularly supported in the ground were covered with a flat table stone. This, it is said, constituted their altar. Walking through this forest which has almost been untrodden through the course of centuries gives one a delightful sensation.

While sauntering about the city on the evening of the same day that we visited Blarney Castle we chanced upon the statue of O'Neil

Crowley, one of the martyrs of the Fenian rising in 1867. The statue is an excellent one, and while commemorating the gallant patriot, does credit to the sculptor and honor to the intrepid soldier.

The people of Cork delight in taking an evening stroll a short distance out from the city. The Mardyke is the name of a way or lane frequented by pedestrians. It cannot compare with many walks in our American cities, yet the quaintness of its situation and the pleasure afforded by traversing it so frequently has made it sacred to the inhabitants of the city.

Before we had entered upon the Mardyke for our evening stroll my uncle's attention was arrested by a Gaelic League poster. The old enthusiasm for the language possessed him and he resolved to attend the meeting later in the evening.

After we had returned from our walk we directed our steps to the hall where the meeting was to be held. We ascended two flights of stairs in what appeared to us to be a factory. When we arrived at the third flight we were ushered into a very small and crowded room. No chairs were visible except those used by the

officers in charge of the meeting. When we crossed the threshold of the room word was passed that two priests were present and at once passageway was made for us that led to the presiding officer's table. We were offered chairs and awaited for what we hoped was being discussed—the Gaelic language. A few minutes of close attention convinced us that the poster had deceived us, for it was very evident from the trend of the remarks that we were present at a very bitter political meeting. The Honorable William O'Brien was severely censured for what the speakers called his traitorous defection from Irish interests. Of course my uncle and I were non-partisan as visitors and succeeded in eluding the reporters after the meeting when they desired us to reveal our identity. We were careful about Gaelic league meetings after this incident.

A visit to the Franciscan church in the early part of this evening deeply impressed me. The fervor of the people was remarkable. I noticed that many women of advanced years were wearing cloaks with a hood attached. I was informed that this custom went back for many centuries. The use of the shawl for a covering

in the colder months has almost been discarded by the Irish in America. It was amusing to watch the little children in Cork on cool evenings walking about covered with dainty shawls.



IRISH SPINNING WHEEL



GOUGANE BARRA, COUNTY CORK

GOUGANE BARRA AND GLENGARIFF

THE first real objective point after remaining in Cork for a few days was Castletownbeare. My mother lived here and my father and uncle lived a short distance from the town at a place called Derrymihan. Before reaching these endeared spots two places of entrancing loveliness invited us to linger on the way. These places were Gougane Barra and Glengariff.

My uncle had determined that we would travel through Ireland in an automobile. The train was impracticable inasmuch as an imperfect view of the country was afforded, and the

jaunting car was too slow and tedious when great distances were to be travelled.

We left Cork for a pleasant journey to the south. The scenery continued to be charming. As we went further into the country the Irish donkey and the small cart became more evident. One cannot resist a smile when the donkey and the miniature vehicle to which it is attached are seen for the first time. It seems that the strength of the donkey is overtaxed and the sleepy attitude of the beast would lead one to suppose that it was thoroughly unfit for service. The donkey is not graced with speed but yet gives excellent service to the people. The animal is strong and requiring little fodder for sustenance is easily maintained. So docile is the beast that women and children drive it upon all occasions. I know of no more pleasing sight than to see a goodly number of Irish men and Irish women drive the donkey to market on Fair days.

The roads throughout Ireland are perfect for motoring. Constant attention for centuries has put them in their almost perfect condition. We passed the Inchigeela lakes on our way to Gougane Barra. The lakes though small were

placid and beautiful, and the heather which fringed them lent greater picturesqueness to the scene.

Gougane Barra offered us much pleasureable meditation. St. Finn Barr is a name dear to Irish hearts, and his little island home has long been a mecca for Irish pilgrims. Nestled among the mountains the verdant little island rests peacefully upon the bosom of the encircling lake. The Irish poet, James Joseph Callanan, speaks beautifully of it.

“There is a green island in lone Gougane Barra,
Where Allua of songs rushes forth as an arrow ;
In deep-valleyed Desmond, a thousand wild foun-
tains
Come down to that lake, from their home in the
mountains ;
There grows the wild ash, and a time-stricken
willow
Looks chidingly down on the mirth of the billow ;
As, like some gay child, that sad monitor scorning,
It lightly laughs back to the laugh of the morn-
ing.”

Among aged trees green with their dark foliage stands the remains of the saint's old hermitage. Circular in shape and quaintly graced with low narrow cells, it reminds the visitor of the early days of piety and self-sacri-

fice of the Irish monks, the companions of St. Finn Barr.

On a mound in the center of the enclosure stands a cross, and frequently throughout the year the knees of votaries of this holy place imprint the ground before it. God alone knows the depth of the piety of the recluses who lived in the shadow of the elevated cross as He alone knows what graces their long vigils, prayers and fasts brought to the tear-stained dwellers of persecuted Ireland. Nothing remains of the old church, and in its place is a beautiful and substantial stone edifice.

Mass is yet offered each Sunday throughout the year, and the devout dwellers from the seemingly uninhabitable crags among the neighboring mountains, assist at all the services in the chapel. What tender memories cling to the island sanctuary. What delightful reveries may one not indulge in who has gazed upon the sweet and solemn grandeur of this hallowed spot. Well may the river Lee begin its course from this dell among the mountains. The blessings of Ireland's early apostles continue to be carried along the bosom of its crystal waters.

The people of Ireland justly pride themselves

on one of their garden spots—Glengariff. Some thirty miles from Gougane Barra is this Eden of beauty. Rich in scenic grandeur it faces the blue waters of Bantry Bay, and the tired denizens of both the cities and towns of Ireland and also England seek its refreshing atmosphere and quiet. So mild was the temperature at our visit that Californian poppies in excellent bloom



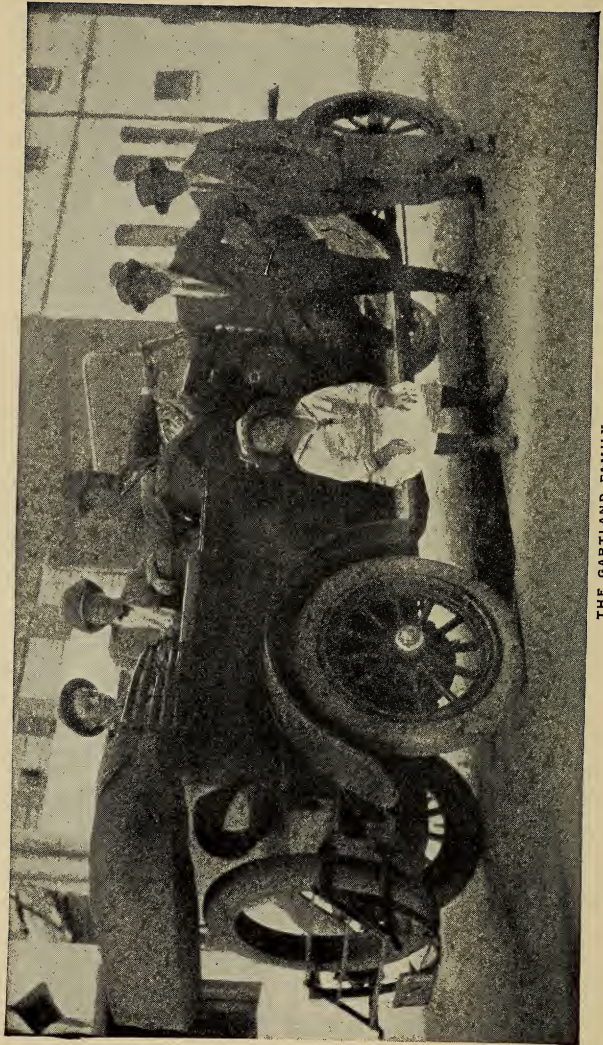
GLENGARIFF, COUNTY CORK

greeted us at our arrival in the hotel. English warships, both leaving and entering the deep waters of the outer bay, can be seen frequently, and the air richly scented with the fragrance of flowers gives an exhilarating pleasure while sauntering among scenes of such natural loveliness.

My uncle and I offered the Holy Sacrifice at the village church. The pastor was gracious in his courtesies, and the well filled church and manifest devotion of the people added but another testimony to their rock-ribbed loyalty to the religion of their forefathers. Two hotels with modern conveniences overlook the waters of the bay, and both seem to enjoy equal advantages from their respective locations.



VIEW OF SUGAR LOAF MOUNTAIN, GLENGARIFF



THE GARTLAND FAMILY



CASTLETOWN-BEARE, COUNTY CORK

CASTLETOWN-BEARE

SUNDAY found us hastening with pleasurable anticipations to the delightful village of Castletown-Beare. It nestles in an angle of the Caha Mountains, on the western shore of Bantry Bay. The weather was somewhat inclement, yet the downpour of rain did not prevent the parishoners of churches we passed on the way from attending Mass.

Neatly attired, both the young and the old braved the shower, and the serenity of their features bespoke the deep faith they had in the coming celebration of the divine mystery. One church was so crowded that the villagers knelt without the outer door with bowed heads and reverent aspect. The rain did not deter them.

At Ross Macowen, five miles from the terminus of our journey, we stopped before the church. Little groups were gathered outside and engaged in conversation. We entered the edifice and saw a class of children being instructed in catechism. This place was a mission and the priest who had finished offering the Holy Sacrifice accompanied us to Castletown.

An American born of Irish parents has often heard descriptions of the birthplace of his father and mother. I had heard much of the home of my mother and father and as we sped along in the auto towards the edge of the town the scenery of Castletown was gradually unfolded to me. There are undoubtedly more beautiful spots in Ireland that charm one than Castletown. I do not doubt but that there are other places which have a more delicate and magic beauty. The charm of Castletown-Beare was in its memories, and when I gazed upon the placid waters of the bay and the rugged grandeur of the hills the place was doubly dear to me.

I was not the only one who was thrilled both by memories and the aspect before us. My uncle was reminiscent and since the shifting

scenes were far dearer to him than to me, I knew that his heart was too full for utterance. The words of his beloved poet Thomas Moore were often on his lips while in our land of toil and strife.

Who has not felt how sadly sweet
The dream of home, the dream of home,
Steals o'er the heart, too soon to fleet,
When far o'er sea or land to roam?

His home was now before him and he gazed upon it affectionately. When we arrived at the hotel in the town we were greeted by our relatives with a genial Irish effusiveness. The welcome was tenderly affectionate and I was much impressed by its sweet sincerity.

The Canon of the parish church called a short time after our arrival and insisted that we would dine with him and the Fathers at the Rectory at four o'clock that afternoon. From noon until four o'clock we were at leisure and we prepared at once to ride to the old homestead of the Crowleys. The house was a short distance from the town at a place called Derrymihan.

Perched on a gently sloping hillside the house overlooked the blue waters of Bantry Bay. The

Caha Mountains rose majestically in the distance and the prospect enjoyed from the eminence was delightful. My uncle is a poet both in heart and in expression, and in many of the gems of his thoughts he rhapsodizes on the subtle charms of the environments of his ancient hearth. The following excerpt from his poem on "Christmas Memories" has alone brought him international fame.

"Far across the shimmering ocean
Lies a lonely little dell,
Nestling 'mid the hills of Beara,
Where a hundred fountains well ;
Sylvan slope and leaping torrent,
Verdant glade and cliff and stream
Make that lonely mountain hamlet
Lovely as a painter's dream."

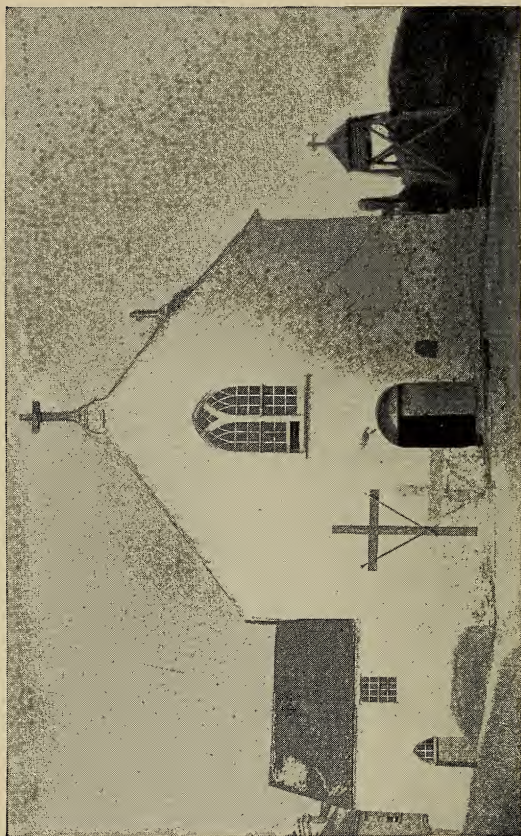


LOOKING TOWARDS THE BAY, CASTLETOWN

The picture before us was "Lovely as a painter's dream," and though the dwelling of my ancestors was neither as rich nor beautiful as our American mansions, yet it was aureoled with tenderest memories. Here was the place my father had spoken so much of. Here was the place where he and my other uncles now departed had spent their youth and early manhood. There were tears in my reverend uncle's eyes as he grasped the hand of his brother, the lone member of his family in Ireland, and there were tears of gladness in my own eyes when I felt the warm hand of my uncle John, and heard his and my assembled cousins' genial welcome.

Two boys and five girls, rugged in health and blessed with ruddy complexions, charmed us by their guileless simplicity and innocent gaiety, and a delightful period was spent with them.

When we arrived at the rectory we were cordially received by the clergy and at the appointed time sat for the Sunday dinner. Few Americans know how delicious an Irish dinner is. Few know how appetizingly it is prepared. It is more delightful when spiced with genial Celtic wit, and on this occasion the kindly



OLD CHAPEL, CASTLETOWN

humor of our host and his fellow priests kept us in a state of constant merriment. The real Irish story teller fascinates with the pleasing expression both of feature and voice, and among all story tellers I think is inimitable. I treasure the memories of the afternoon I dined with the clergy of Castletown-Beare.

The reverend canon invited my uncle to preach at the evening devotions. The devotions were to begin at five-thirty, and my uncle insisted that the honor should be given to me. A heavy rain was falling, and judging by the attendance in many of our American churches when the weather is inclement, I thought that but few people would attend. I was agreeably surprised when I entered the pulpit to find that the large edifice was so crowded that about one hundred and fifty of the parishioners were forced to stand in the back of the church. This was a pleasing testimony of the deep faith of the people, as my uncle and myself had not been announced to speak.

I very happily chose to speak on devotion to the Blessed Virgin as it was then the month of May, and conscious that my parents had imbibed their tender love for our Blessed Mother



NEW CATHOLIC CHURCH, CASTLETOWN

on this very eminence where the church is placed, I found greater inspiration for my words. I was edified by the soulful attention of the worshippers, and knew by the religious earnestness of their upturned faces that no preachment of mine was needed to convince them of the personal interest our Blessed Lady has always manifested both in their welfare and in the welfare of their race.



HARBOR'S MOUTH, CASTLETOWN, BEREHAVEN, COUNTY CORK

There were women in the church that night who were playmates with my mother. There were men there that night who were companions of my father in his boyhood days. How rare was the privilege for me to address them.

After the services were concluded the president of the Ancient Order of Hibernians in-

vited my uncle and myself to attend a meeting in their hall. We gladly accepted and were enthusiastically welcomed by the members. My uncle spoke quite eloquently of the prosperous conditions in Ireland as he viewed them, and elicited much applause by the fervidness of his address. I was honored by being asked to make a few remarks, and I was pleased by the wrapt attention of my auditors.

Our visit to the Hibernian Hall was unexpected both for the members and for ourselves so the president requested my uncle to favor the members again with his presence on the following Sunday evening. They desired him to talk at greater length on his recent impressions of Ireland and at the same time wished to bring many of their friends so that they could make a gala night of the event. My uncle has always been a recognized leader in Hibernian circles in America and the people of his birthplace gloried in having so illustrious a fellow-townsmen. My uncle consented to address them.

For the week intervening we decided to motor to the Lakes of Killarney and from there hasten to Cork. After a day in Cork we intended to

take the train for Bantry and from Bantry return to Castletown by water.

The journey to Killarney was delightful and the visit to the famous lakes indeed memorable, but as we made a second trip to the lakes I wish to reserve my few observations on the beauties I beheld for the succeeding chapter.



DEENISH ISLAND, CASTLETOWN, PEREHAVEN, COUNTY CORK

Many things attracted my attention and pleased me on this short trip, but I think that I was especially impressed during a short stay at Bantry.

We visited a school conducted by the Sisters of Mercy. We arrived while the children were entering for the morning classes, and passing from one room to another conversed with the

children. We examined specimens of the pupils' pen work and drawing and marvelled at the neatness and accuracy. In some rooms the children sang for us and their sweet plaintive voices gave us much pleasure. Songs which have an endearing sweetness for Irish Americans such as "Ireland, I Love Thee," "The Dear Little Shamrock," and others equally familiar were well rendered.



THE BASIN, CASTLETOWN

Daily lessons in the Celtic language are given and a marked proficiency was shown. Some time after our arrival a bell was rung and the children walked in double file to a spacious lawn in front of the building. On this well kept lawn was a statue of the Blessed Virgin. The children while approaching the statue sang

May hymns in honor of the Queen of May, and when they had encircled it a nun read a prayer to the Virgin. At the conclusion of the short service the children returned to the school building two by two and again took up the sweet refrain of a hymn. This spectacle would have softened the flintiest heart.

Few can remain unmoved when witnessing the tender effusiveness of innocent hearts and the sweet voices of those children uttering the homage of their unblemished souls to their heavenly protectrix brought to my lips a prayer of thankfulness that God had permitted me to witness this manifestation of piety. A blessing on the Irish Sisterhoods whose sweet example and daily inculcating of love for our Immaculate Mother has helped to win for the daughters of Ireland the enviable crown of unsullied womanhood.

The sail from Bantry to Castletown was delightful. The waters of Bantry Bay were almost placid and the scenery along the route was entrancing. Much information was given to me as we passed points of local interest and places which were associated with the history of the Irish people were carefully

observed and studied. Beare Island and Angry Hill won my closest attention.

We arrived at Castletown on Saturday and my uncle was invited to preach at the late Mass on Sunday morning. Pentecost fell on this day and the occasion was a glorious one to recount the triumphs of the militant church.



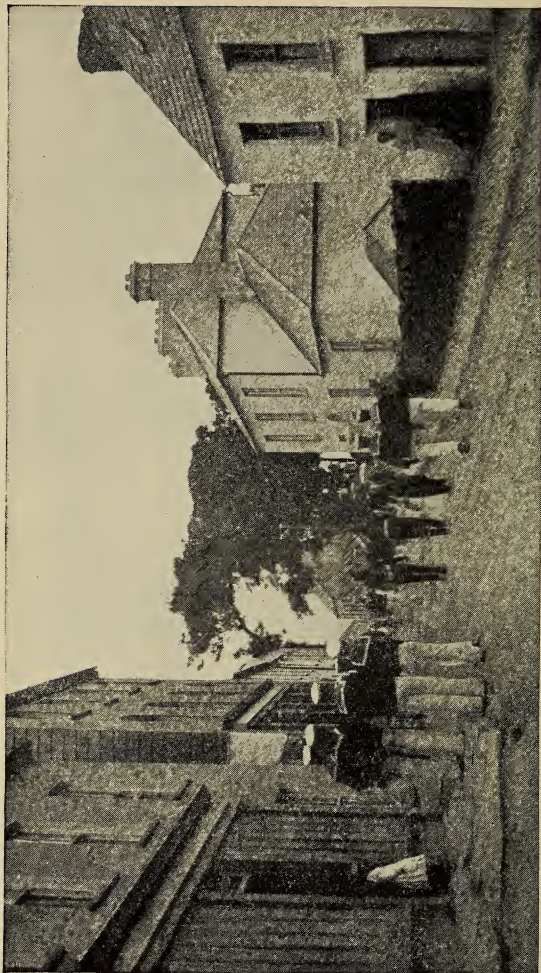
ANGRY HILL

My uncle was equal to the occasion and preached eloquently on the visible manifestation of the Holy Spirit during the trials of the infant Church and her later ultimate successes. For fifty minutes the congregation was rapt in the deepest attention, and the sincerity and sweet unction of his words gave both pleasure and edification. The day was a memorable one

for my uncle. It was the first time that he had spoken in the church. It was the first time that boyhood friends had heard him announce the divine word, and I am sure that the spiritual import of his sermon shall long be remembered by his auditors.

Sunday afternoon passed pleasantly. We enjoyed a quiet sail upon the bay and visited an English man-of-war anchored some three miles from our hotel. The vessel was gigantic in dimensions, and being of recent structure offered us much pleasure and instruction while inspecting it.

We dined early that evening at the old homestead. One of the Fathers at the rectory honored us with his presence, and both a daintily arranged and a well-cooked meal was served. Nineteen years had passed since my uncle had dined here. Few children then graced the table with their sweet features. Five comely young women, a youth of fifteen and a stalwart young man of twenty-one were present on this occasion. I cannot forget that evening. I cannot forget it for the same number shall never attend the evening dinner again. My uncle John, the father of these children, re-



WEST END, CASTLETOWN. JACKIES ASHORE FROM THE ENGLISH NAVY

cently passed to another world, and two of his children have since journeyed to this hemisphere.

The lecture my uncle was to deliver to the Ancient Order of Hibernians was scheduled for eight o'clock that evening. After leaving the residence on the hill we repaired to the hotel and finished the recitation of the Divine Office. At seven-forty my uncle was impatient to start for the town hall. The spiritual director of the Hibernians had planned a surprise. He notified the members that they were to march to the hotel and escort Father Denis to the hall. Leaving before the arrival of the Hibernians would frustrate the object of the reverend director, so I had much difficulty in restraining my uncle until the arrival of the director and the men. He chafed under the restraint and employed the intervening time in the recitation of his beads. At five minutes of eight Father Scannel, the director, came to my room. He told me that the men had started from the town square and would shortly make their appearance. We withdrew to a position where we could observe my uncle when the first notes of the band would strike his ears. We did not

have to wait long. The resonant notes broke forth half a square from the hotel, and going to the window my uncle asked us the meaning of the approaching procession. We told him that the procession was planned both as a surprise and as a mark of respect to him, and that the men had come to the hotel to escort him to the lecture hall.



ADRIGOLE, BEARHAVEN

The surprise was complete, and as he gazed upon the men in the street below tears came to his eyes. It was a glorious spectacle to see the stalwart sons of Erin turning out to welcome their fellow-townsmen who had won such distinction in the United States, and their loud acclaim when he appeared before them evidenced the sincerity of their joyful welcome.

He thanked them for the distinguished honor of their presence in words weighted with emotion, and after a loud outburst of applause ranks again were formed. The band played a spirited selection, and followed by some three hundred men, proudly escorted my uncle and other priests to the auditorium.

Outside of the hall the men, three hundred strong, fell into double file and made a pathway for the priests to pass between them.

The spiritual director of the Hibernians introduced Father Denis. His words were well chosen and his encomiums were pointed and true. There were flashes of real Celtic wit in his remarks and his sweet Gaelic intonations were delightful to hear.

My uncle chose for his topic, "The Present Economic Conditions in Ireland." He was a master of the subject and there was both depth and precision in his observations. He had studied Ireland's history from his childhood. His interest in her affairs had never relaxed during his years of priestly effort, hence his knowledge of her past and present was comprehensive.

There was a charming spontaneity to his

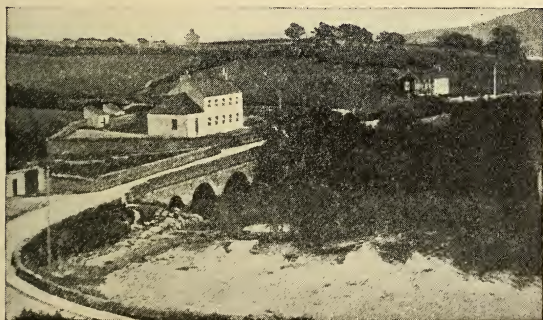


GOLEEN, FROM DUNBOY LODGE

words, and his entire address scintillated with a kindly humor.

I was glad that I was there that night. I was glad that I was there to witness the enthusiasm of the audience. They were unstinted in their applause, and their effusive outbursts attested that the evening was spent profitably and pleasantly.

I had heard much of the old village school. Relatives in America had spoken of it frequently and my uncle treasured the memory of the days he had spent there. My father and mother had attended there so it naturally drew me to its precincts.



VILLAGE SCHOOL, CASTLETOWN

My uncle wrote of it quite beautifully :

“ There above the darkling river,
And beneath the hillock brown,
Stands the dear old white-walled school house
By a busy ancient town.”

One morning in May when the air was redolent with the fragrance of the fields and the sun was golden with its glory we visited it.

The school contained three rooms, and when we entered the children were busy with their morning tasks. The teacher and his assistants received us cordially and we also read a happy welcome in the bright eyes and smiling features of the pupils. My uncle remarked that the appearance of the school had not changed.

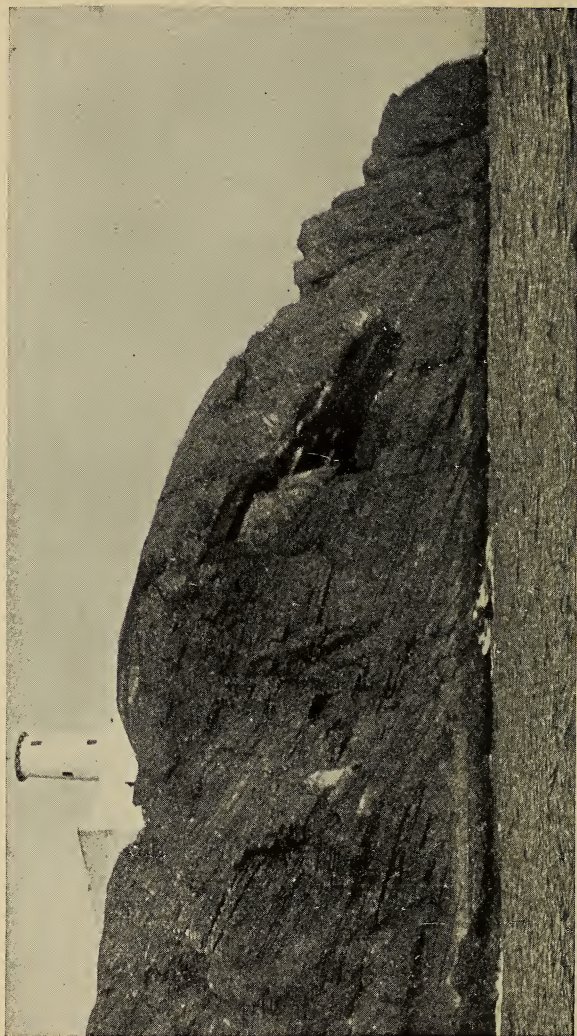
One figure was absent who made the former days memorable and that was the venerable teacher, Mr. Dwyer, who for forty years or more had instructed the children of Castletown. I was glad to see the old school house. I was glad to see the youthful students, who shall yet reflect credit upon their modest institution, and I am confident that the untiring efforts of the teachers we met shall be amply rewarded by the thorough scholarship of their charges.

In the afternoon of the same day we called upon Mr. William Dwyer. The weight of years

had forced him to resign his position, and living a short distance from the scene of his former labors he watched the progress of those that an infirm constitution prevented him from teaching.

My uncle's old preceptor was overjoyed at seeing him. Father Denis was likewise delighted to grasp the warm hand of his old teacher and a few hours of reminiscent conversation followed.

Mr. Dwyer is a real type of the old Irish school master. His interest in international affairs was still deep and searching and he amazed us by the exhibition of a remarkably retentive memory. He was always a close student and though at our meeting his eyesight was somewhat impaired, yet he told us that he read considerably and had a young niece read to him a few hours daily. One of his sons was eminent in the medical profession, and another son is at present the genial and esteemed pastor of St. Patrick's church in Denver, Colorado. He rode with us around the hills in the vicinity of his cottage and discussed the history of many places familiar to my uncle.



WEST POINT OF BEAR ISLAND

One fine morning my uncle and I rode horse-back to a neighboring mountain. The roads were excellent for riding and in the narrower and more difficult parts of our journey we found the horses quite sure-footed. It was edifying to see the piety of the people who dwelt in secluded places. Many children of these inhabitants return from different lands to visit their parents and we enjoyed the converse of one young lady who had travelled from America to visit again the scenes of her childhood.

The Sisters of Mercy are well established in this town. Their school is largely attended and the work of the Sisters is thorough. We were especially pleased with the lace department. We marvelled at the specimens of the girls' work and we were glad to hear that the government manifested an interest in the young ladies following this line. The teachers of this branch are paid so much daily by the English government and those employed in the making of lace may sell and keep the profit of their product. I am sorry the demand for lace is not greater. A high tariff keeps the sales quite limited and consequently this industry does not give constant employment.

We called one day upon a neighboring pastor. At that time the Stations were being held. Those who have lived in Ireland are familiar with this institution. At certain times in the year the pastors of adjoining parishes assemble at a certain church and offer the people the opportunity of making their confessions to priests with whom they are not so closely associated.



EAST VIEW

In American cities where there are many confessors in the different churches, the penitents are at liberty to visit the confessional of whomever they desire. In isolated sections of Ireland this advantage is not so readily enjoyed on account of the distances, and hence an effort is made at different periods of the

year to permit the people the choice of three or four confessors.

In the country churches there is generally but one confessional and to a stranger it seems somewhat odd to see three or four priests hearing confessions at different places in the body of the church, unscreened and in full view of the parishoners. It was pleasant to see so many people visit the church, and as in all other places, I was deeply impressed with the spirit of devotion.

The young men and women who lived both in this delightful town and afterwards emigrated to other lands have, in their own respective spheres, reflected credit upon their birthplace. They glory especially in one place situated near their homes which has been a household word for Irish valor and heroism. This place emblazoned on the choicest pages of Ireland's history is Dunboy Castle.

Dunboy Castle was a strong fortification commanding the entrance to Castletown harbor. It was a great vantage point and the last hope of the Irish soldiers fighting for the national cause in the south of Ireland during the close of Elizabeth's bloody reign.



GLENMORE, CO. KERRY. A MONASTERY ONCE STOOD ON ONE OF THE ISLANDS

In recent days and old, the men of Beare and Bantry, at home and abroad, have proved themselves worthy of such ancestors. They have been fearless at sea and valiant on shore. Though loving all Ireland, they take much local pride in the glowing traditions that cling round the hills and sanctify the valleys of Beara.

The siege of Dunboy Castle began on the sixth of June, sixteen hundred and two, and lasted until the morning of the eighteenth, when the fortress was a mass of ruins.

One hundred and forty-three selected patriots, under the command of Richard MacGeoghagan, defended the stronghold against three thousand five hundred English soldiers with two batteries of artillery commanded by Carew, the then Lord President of Munster. Donald O'Sullivan, the Prince of Beare and Bantry, was absent during the siege. He went to meet the officers of a Spanish ship who landed at Ardea on the Kenmare River.

MacGeoghagan and his clansmen covered themselves with immortal glory, but the overwhelming numbers of the well appointed artillery of the invader prevailed against the skill and undaunted valor of the native defenders.

After the fortress had been dismantled, an English writer, giving an account of the siege, said: "The entire defence consisted of one hundred and forty-three selected fighting men, being the best choice of all their available forces. Of these no man escaped, but were either slain or buried in the ruins, and so obstinate and resolute a defence had not been seen within this kingdom."

In view of this testimony from an enemy, it is no wonder that a native poet, centuries later, should commemorate in stirring verse the patriotism and valor of Dunboy's stern defenders:

"Down Time's silent river their fair names shall go

A light to our race towards the long coming day;

Till the billows of time shall be checked in their
flow

Can we find names so fit for remembrance as
they?

.

And we will hold their memories for ever and aye,

A halo, a glory, that ne'er shall decay;

We'll set them as stars o'er Eternity's sea

The bright names of the warriors who fell at
Dunbui."

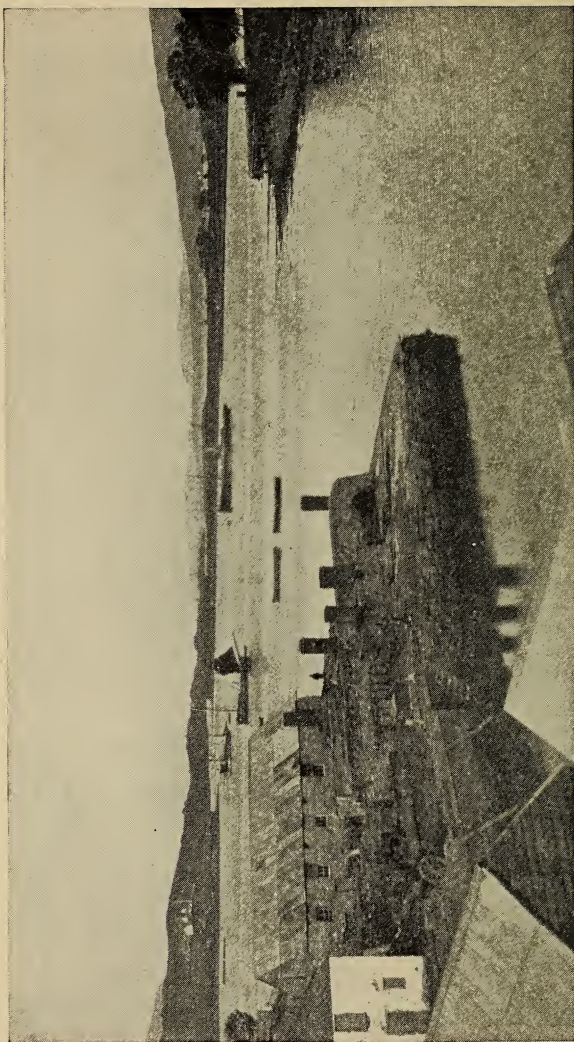
For eleven days MacGeoghagan bravely opposed the attacks of the English. On June the seventeenth, the castle was almost entirely

destroyed. A messenger was sent to the enemy to state that the besieged would surrender if they were allowed to leave with their arms. The messenger was hanged. One hundred and forty-three remained in a cellar of the castle, their last retreat. MacGeoghagan was mortally wounded and the command of the small force was given to Thomas Taylor. He attempted to obtain an honorable surrender and stated that unless their terms were received he would blow up the remnant of the castle together with the men. The English refused to consider his proposal.

Thirty men attempted to escape by swimming but were killed by English soldiers in boats.

The morning after the refusal to arrange for an honorable surrender heavy shot from the English cannons was poured into the Irish retreat and the men were forced to surrender unconditionally. When some English officers entered the cellar of the castle they found MacGeoghagan staggering towards the nine barrels of gunpowder with a flaming torch in his hand. He was seized and slain.

Fifty-eight of those who surrendered were



INNER HARBOR, CASTLETOWN

hanged that day and others were hanged a few days afterwards. Not one of the one hundred and forty-three valiant defenders survived the terrible siege. Carew had the remains of the castle razed.

Knowing the history of the defence of this castle and the unexampled bravery of the defenders, one cannot look upon the ruin of the old foundation without a feeling of horror and yet subsequently with a feeling of reverence. Horror, when we think of the English brutality, and reverence when we think of the heroic Irishmen who so nobly faced certain death against overwhelming odds.

Nations are justly proud of their illustrious dead who profusely gave their life's blood that their institutions and welfare might be safeguarded. Few can point to more devoted sons than the Irishmen at Dunboy who hurled such deathly defiance at the invaders of their soil.

The castle is but a short distance from the former home of my mother and the old homestead of my father. They knew its history well and I do not wonder that they held the place in such reverential awe.

At present the property is in the hands of

an English landlord. I hope that the time shall soon come when it shall pass into better hands and that a fitting memorial shall be raised there to commemorate the deeds of other days.

I cannot pass from the consideration of this event without subjoining the spirited stanza of that well known writer, Robert Dwyer Joyce :

“ They who fell in manhood’s pride,
They who nobly fighting died,
Fade their mem’ries never, never ;
Theirs shall be the deathless name
Shining brighter, grander ever,
Up the diamond crags of Fame !
Time these glorious names shall lift
Up from sunbright clift to clift—
Upward to eternity !
The godlike men of brave Dunbui ! ”

Visitors of Irish parentage do not fail while visiting Ireland to journey to the resting places of their ancestors. It was my happy privilege while in Castletown to visit the little cemetery on the hillside where my grandparents are buried. My uncle and I on one mild and sunny afternoon walked to the graveyard.

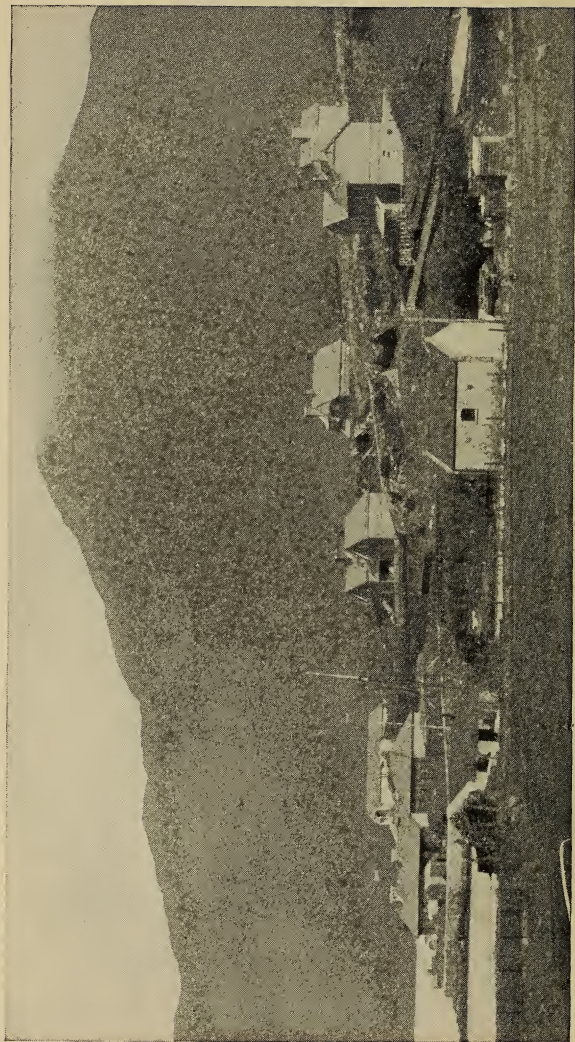
Slowly wending our way among the tombstones we paused for a short prayer above the

earth that contained the fragile remains of those whose memory was still kept fragrant. "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord." These words of Scripture are fraught with the tenderest meaning. The dwellers on this peaceful hillside had a sublime trust in the promises of their God and their rigorous adherence to the principles of their faith has undoubtedly long ere this been rewarded by the vision of their Maker.

Peace to their souls! The rod of English persecution did not weaken the tenacity of their belief. The deprivation of material goods did not shake their confidence in the hope of better things in a newer life and the divine kindness of a triune God still blesses their remains.

I received much inspiration from my visit. I resolved to emulate the departed in their rock-ribbed devotion to the tenets of their religion, and I hope that one day I shall meet them and share their eternal felicity in the great beyond.

A few days before leaving Castletown a friend of my uncle, Mr. P. J. Gartland, of San Francisco, came into the town in his magnifi-



THE VILLAGE IN BEAR ISLAND

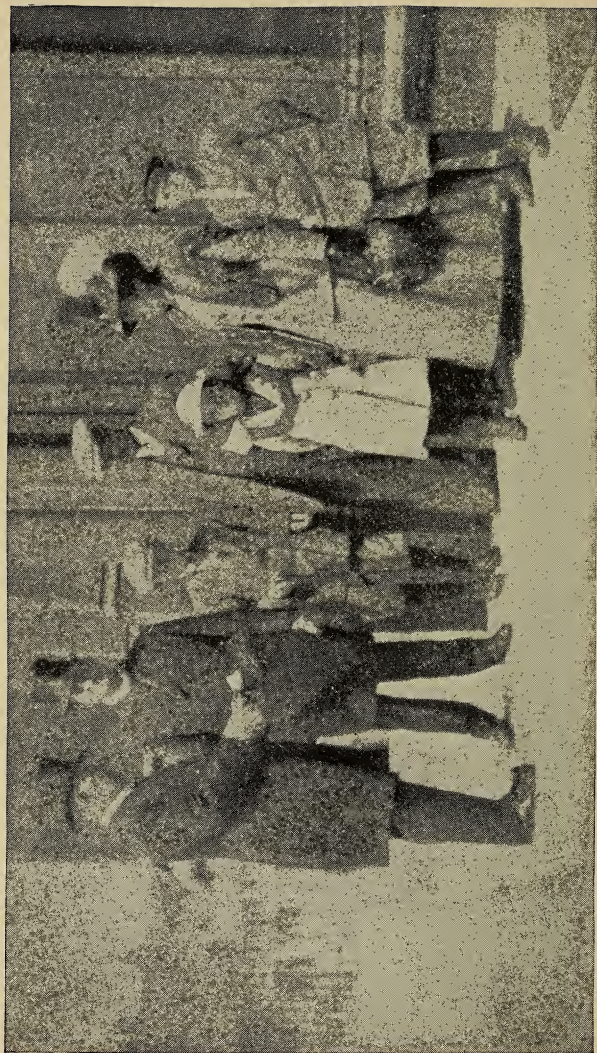
cent Winton touring car. His wife and children accompanied him, one little girl and three boys. He brought his car from San Francisco. It was shipped from the Pacific to the Atlantic coast in the United States, and then carried to Ireland by steamer.

He told my uncle that he would join him after he had reached Ireland as his prior arrival would give him time to visit his relatives.

We had intended to journey extensively through Ireland and Mr. Gartland insisted that his car should be used for the trip. We made preparations for the journey, and Father Denis appointed that on the eve of our departure his brother's family and Mr. Gartland's family should dine at the hotel.

Seventeen were seated in the dining hall of the hotel on that last evening. It was memorable for all who gathered there. After the repast we adjourned to the parlor, and assisted by three talented young lady friends of our relatives a delightful evening of song and instrumental music was enjoyed.

The last number was "God Save Ireland." This is a favorite song of Father Denis. In a sweetly tenor voice he sang the verses and all



THE ARRIVAL OF MR. P. J. GARTLAND AND FAMILY

the other members of the party joined in the chorus. Few could forget that evening. Few could forget the genial mirth and innocent gaiety of the party, and when the last note was rendered and the parting word of the evening spoken all undoubtedly felt that the memory of the event would be long cherished.



CASTLE HOUSE FROM GILMAN'S WOODS

The following morning we offered the Holy Sacrifice in the church and we both left the sacred edifice reluctantly. The car was prepared for the journey and we gazed upon the delightful old town perhaps for the last time. The prospect before my uncle meant more to

him than to me. He was familiar with every object. In his youth, when he was fired with the spirit of patriotism, he had planned, as other youths had planned, for Ireland's emancipation and the betterment of his townspeople. While the galling chains of an abject slavery



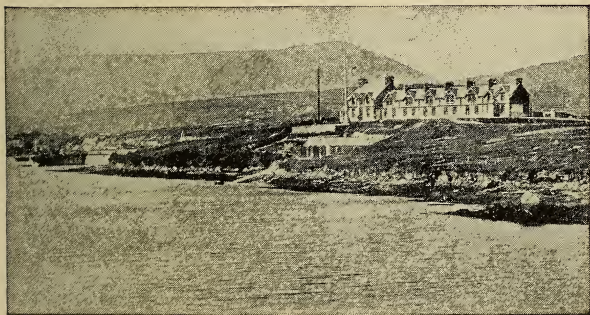
ROANACORRIG LIGHT, BETWEEN BEAR ISLAND AND THE MAINLAND

made dark the horizon of his fondest hopes, he sought a larger field to assist the downtrodden of his race when he bade his native shores farewell and sailed for the new world.

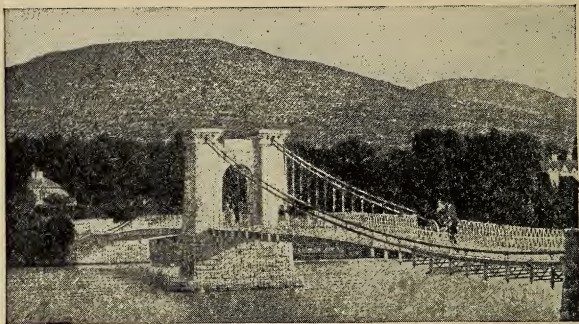
Deremihan, as I remarked before, is a small suburb of Castletown. This spot was dearest to my uncle as he was born here and lived

under its pleasant skies. In soulful words which he had written before he addressed to it a parting benediction:

“O, Deremihan ! farewell to you,
Betwixt the bay and mountains blue,
And to thy breezy height of view
Where first I saw the morning.
Of all the world I love thee most,
Wild hamlet of the fairy coast ;
Nor can Columbia’s realms boast
Of scenes more fair and charming.”



COAST GUARDS' STATION, CASTLETOWN



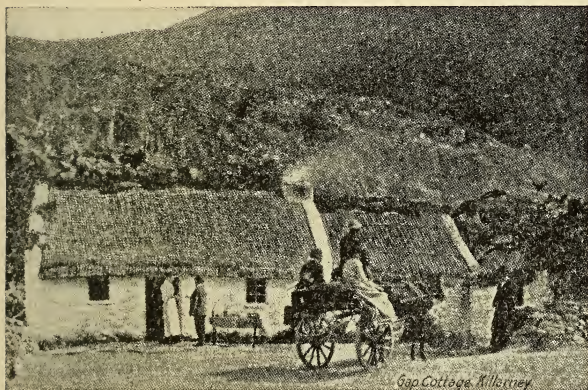
SUSPENSION BRIDGE, KENMARE, COUNTY KERRY

THE LAKES OF KILLARNEY

IN going to the Lakes of Killarney we chose the magnificent road that follows the majestic sweep of the Kenmare River. Few people realize what a glorious river Ireland possesses in this body of water. We followed it with rare delight until our journey took us to an eminence some miles from the town of Killarney. From this objective point we beheld the three lakes of Killarney. What beauty lay before us and how placid were the waters! Standing upon a high rock we gazed long and lovingly upon the scene before us and then hastened to the town. We lunched at

the International Hotel, a modern structure, and then motored to the Lakes.

The boatmen, made famous by Gerald Griffin in his story of the "Collegians," awaited us at the foot of the lower lake, and when once seated in their skiffs their sturdy strokes soon brought us out upon the bosom of the waters.



GAP COTTAGE, KILLARNEY

One boatman was true to the reputation given to his fellow craftsmen. He was loquacious, genially loquacious, and amused us by his narratives. He pointed out "O'Donohue's library" and his wine cellar. The peculiar formation of the rocks along the shore resembled

at one place folios piled upon each other, and at another place a striking resemblance to a wine cellar was manifest.

Our boatman thought that we were quite credulous and pointing to a spot upon the lake in the distance told of a wonderful apparition that often occurred there. He remarked that every evening a figure was seen crossing the water with a lantern, and that thousands of white mice followed him. We deceived the boatman by our mute attention, and after he had finished his weird story, we playfully asked him if he believed in the nightly incident himself. He read in our countenances that we did not place credence in his narrative and forced him to admit that he did not believe "half of the lies" that he had told us.

We drew close to the island of Innisfallen, and were enraptured by its beauty. The grasses were luxuriant and the trees were in perfect foliage. The ruins of the old monastery stood, beautiful in their majestic decay, and after having secured the boat we hastened to examine the sacred pile. Parts of the edifice are as intact today as in the days of its glory, and one cannot but marvel at the knowl-

edge and ingenuity of the monks who were the architects and builders. Besides the monastery and church a university also occupied the grounds. History states that they were built about the year six hundred, by St. Finian Lobhar. The regular Canons of the Order of St.



GAP OF DUNLOE, KILLARNEY

Augustine inhabited the monastery and many of them were engaged in the compilation of the celebrated "Annals of Innisfallen." These form a part of the real history of Ireland after the advent of Christianity. The original manuscript is in the Bodleian library. It is written on parchment and contains fifty-seven quarto leaves. A copy of it may be seen in the library of Trinity College, Dublin.

St. Finian was buried outside of the church. A large tree grows over the grave stone. The roots sink into the ground on the sides of the slab. How remarkable is this eccentric feature and what a beautiful testimony to the worth of this Irish saint that a majestic tree should



BRICKEEN BRIDGE, KILLARNEY

spring from his very grave and its branches shade and shelter his final resting place. There are delightful retreats hidden in different parts of this Island. There are giant trees also and a rare profusion of flowers. It must have indeed been an eden to the dwellers of the monastery for the music of the silver throated songsters and the delightful variety of the meadowlands and trees gives one a feeling of spiritual serenity.

The lakes have not been commercialized and hence motor boats do not yet trouble the waters. We were rowed back in a leisurely manner to our landing.

While returning, Ross Castle looked majestic in the glorious sun of the afternoon. The great O'Donohue loved this magnificent structure and it was indeed peopled with great heroes in its pristine days. During one rebellion the Irish Lord Muskerry held it against four thousand parliamentary troops but unfortunately surrendered it when he was deceived by the number of the enemy.

The boatmen are fond of calling attention to an echo while upon the lake some distance from the castle. Resting upon their oars, a clear call is given and with marked distinctness the words are re-echoed. The story is told that after the echo was heard one boatman surprised his listeners by saying that one loud interrogation addressed to a certain character named Paddy Blake was always answered from the parapets of Ross Castle. The boatman putting his hands to his mouth exclaimed, "Paddy Blake, how are you?" There was a moment's silence, and then an answer in sweet

Irish tones came back, "I'm purthy well, thin, and how are you?" When the boatman reached the shore a small boy came from behind some brushwood and said to the party, "That God may bless you, gentlemen. And a little something, plase, for the echo of Paddy Blake."



MEETING OF THE WATERS, KILLARNEY

Another story is told of a boatman who called an echo a "she." When asked why he thus termed the echo, he replied, "Sure, thin, its because she's always afther havin' the last word, you know."

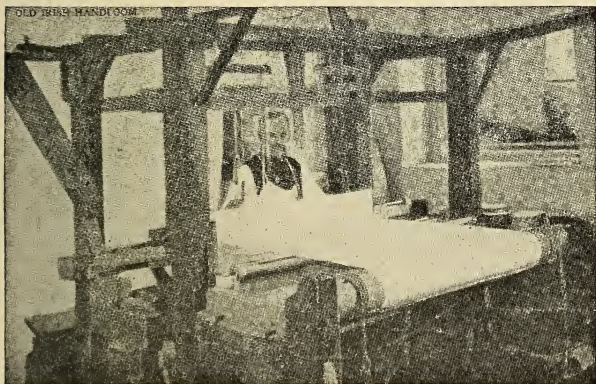
It is said that the sun rarely smiles for a long period upon the Killarney Lakes. A thin mist frequently covers them. We were fortunate

the day we visited Killarney. The sun poured a golden radiance upon the waters and there was a certain witchery in the serenity of the scene. Tom Moore has immortalized his visit to the lakes, and especially to the island of Innisfallen.

“ Sweet Innisfallen, long shall dwell
In memory’s dream that sunny smile,
Which o’er thee on that evening fell,
When first I saw thy fairy isle.

.

Weeping or smiling, lovely isle !
And all the lovelier for thy tears—
For tho’ but rare thy sunny smile,
’Tis heaven’s own glance when it appears.”



OLD IRISH HANDLOOM



MUCKROSS ABBEY, KILLARNEY

MUCKROSS ABBEY

MUCKROSS Abbey is a delightful place for the Irish pilgrim. The ancient pile is a noble testimony to the grandeur of the old faith and one acquainted with the history of this sacred edifice experiences a keen joy in thinking of the days when Muckross was peopled with the saintliest, the most learned and the most heroic of Ireland's children.

In the days of its pristine glory Cormac McCarthy, the bishop king of Desmond who ruled with true regal dignity, entrusted this Abbey to the Franciscans, who guarded its sacred precincts with jealous care.

Muckross, we are told, signifies a rock of rest. The sylvan environments of the Abbey do not belie the designation. Nature lavishes her beauties on this spot, and the luxuriance of her meadow-lands and tribes of forest warblers make the surroundings of this crumbling pile a veritable Eden.

Connoisseurs of aged ruins love to loiter about this marvel of artistic masonry and the tracery yet evident to the eye of an observer wins unstinted praise for the abbey builders of the hallowed past.

The ivy clad ruins of the present stand upon the site of the famous church of Irrelagh which was burned about seven hundred years ago. It was well termed the Irish Westminster. Under the stone floor of the church lie the ashes of the McCarthy More and the bones of the great O'Donohue, the idol of the Kerry people. Many of the great men of Munster, the poets of Kerry, the Knights of Killarney and the Irish kings, rest in the consecrated ground of the Abbey. No wonder the Irish pilgrims flock to this sacred mecca. The dust of their illustrious dead speaks eloquently of their quenchless love and faith.

As we treaded the silent cloister the sweet chant of the departed seemed to break upon our ears and as we gazed upon many an altar stone now fondly carressed by tender grass or modest flowers we could not but think of this place when the angels of the All High wit-



MUCKROSS ABBEY, KILLARNEY

nessed the sublime devotion of Irish hearts while the Immaculate Lamb was sacrificed for Ireland's peace and the conversion of a Godless world.

When my uncle was a young man in Ireland he had a great love for his old parish priest, Dean Carmody. The Dean was the pastor of

Castletownbere for many years, and on the second trip to Ireland my uncle was anxious to see him.

Right Rev. Monsignor Carmody had retired from active work on account of his age and was living at Miltown with his brother, the parish priest. From Killarney we went to Miltown, and not finding Dean Carmody there we motored on to Tralee where the old priest was spending the day.

The meeting between my uncle and his former spiritual director was tender. The Dean was in the winter of his life and my uncle was yet in the mellow richness of his maturity. In a heavy rain we travelled many miles that day out of our scheduled course to meet this kindly patriarch, and the inconvenience of the journey was repaid by the warm pressure of his hand and the affectionate greeting that he extended.

I visited the Dominican church while in Tralee. I was charmed by the beauty of the interior. Exquisite taste was manifested in the adornment and the effect produced upon a stranger gazing upon the myriad beauties of this temple undoubtedly causes deep and tender devotion.

The church is thoroughly Dominican, and the artistic representations of her saints in painting, stained glass and marble, speaks eloquently of the glory of the Order's children. The Fathers attached to the church are constantly engaged in parochial and missionary labors. They exert a deep and far reaching influence in the country surrounding their Convent.



JOHNSTOWN CASTLE, COUNTY WEXFORD



GEORGE STREET, LIMERICK

HISTORIC LIMERICK

LIMERICK was our next objective point. We were impatient to see this world-renowned city. Her citizens in the days of the cruel persecution heroically resisted the oppression of tyrants. By an unyielding defence of the city, in which even the women and the children participated, Limerick won enviable distinction among all the sister cities of the world.

We arrived in the evening, and found the thoroughfares active with moving vehicles and

pedestrians. Our hotel was not exactly modern, yet we found spacious rooms and courteous consideration from the management.

In the morning we heard the sweet chimes of St. Mary's bells. The chimes are delightfully appealing and have made the church of St. Mary's in Limerick famous in Ireland. The melody of the bells reminds one of the Shandon Bells. The liquid music is gently wafted throughout the city and follows the murmuring waters of the Shannon for many miles.

Denis Florence McCarthy has a beautiful poem in which he refers to the famous chimes at St. Mary's. It is called "The Bell Founder." A young man who wished to show his gratitude to the Blessed Virgin for favors he had received from her presented to the church in his town eight silver-toned bells. They were to toll "for the quick and the dead." The liquid melody of the bells was associated with the sweetest memories of his life.

Trouble at last came to Florence, and the bells were taken away. Bereft of the solace of the bells, this man wandered through the world in quest of them. When an old man, and almost entirely worn with his travels and

fruitless search, he entered a boat on the Shannon river. When outside of Limerick he heard a glorious peal of music that enchanted him. The melody came from St. Mary's church, and his own dear bells again filled his soul with unutterable joy. "A rich peal of melody rings from that tower through the clear evening skies.

.

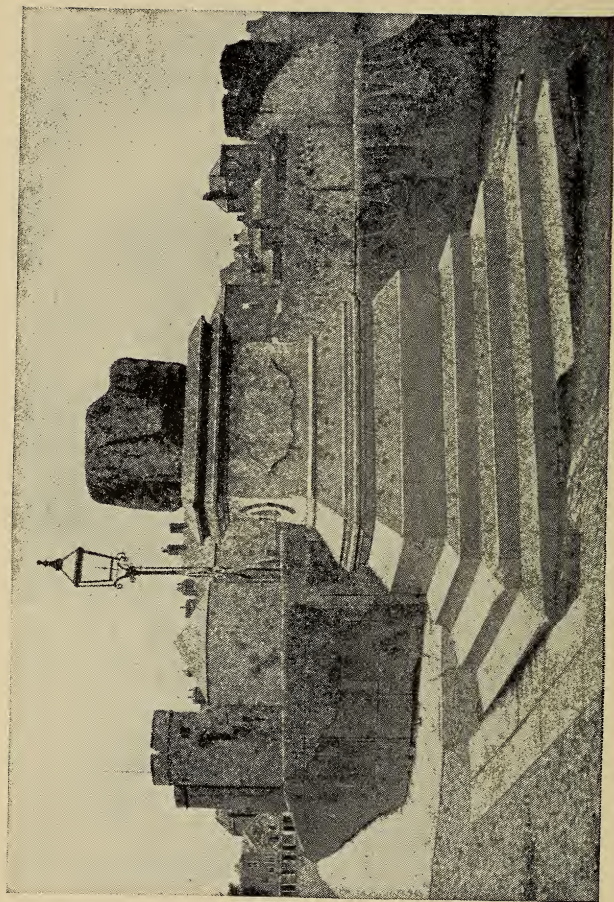
He has found them—the sons of his labors—his musical, magical bells."

The wine of this new joy was too much for the ancient bell founder, and he died in a paroxism of delight.

The Shannon needs no introduction to Irish readers. It is a beautiful river. Thousands of Irish men and Irish women have rode upon its placid bosom. The words of Gerald Griffin voiced our genial surprise when we gazed upon it:

"'Tis, it is the Shannon's stream
Brightly glancing, brightly glancing!
See, oh see the ruddy beam
Upon its waters dancing!"

Limerick should always be remembered by liberty loving people throughout the world for the heroism of its struggle against the large



THE TREATY STONE, LIMERICK

number and well disciplined troops of England. The Treaty Stone in Limerick brings to the student of Irish history the memory of deathless valor and quenchless love for the sireland.

Tyrconnel and Lauzun scoffed at the idea of defending the city and with their Swiss and French allies departed for Galway. Sarsfield and other valiant citizens decided to defend the inhabitants and their city.

The task seemed hopeless since the allies who should have remained to help carried with them on their retreat most of the ammunition. A large supply of arms and ammunition were en route to assist the besiegers.

By a clever piece of strategy Sarsfield captured the convoy and destroyed what had been destined to assist in the speedy ruin of the city. The men and women of Limerick immortalized themselves by their heroic resistance and determined efforts to repel the invaders of their homes. They had the happiness in their first efforts to see the hirelings of the English King hurled from their walls. A continued resistance proved futile and later Sarsfield was forced to capitulate. The terms offered by the English representatives were fair, and though

solemnly entered into and promised to be fulfilled to the letter they were shamefully broken by England, and the Treaty Stone in this beautiful little city tells the sad tale of English insincerity and duplicity.

Though a French fleet appeared a few days after the treaty was signed and was prepared to assist the Irish, nevertheless Sarsfield would not break his part of the pact and prove himself recreant. He forbade the allies to land and ordered the vessels with their ammunition to depart.

The ink had scarcely dried upon the parchment when England proved faithless to the solemn promises she had made to the Irish people. While the Treaty Stone remains in the city of Limerick the story of England's perfidy shall always be told.



MOUNT ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE, ROSCREA, COUNTY TIPPERARY

FROM THE SHANNON TO DUBLIN

BEFORE leaving Limerick we visited the Good Shepherd Convent. This institution is well situated and the Sisters have been eminently successful in their labors. We were very cordially received by the superior and graciously entertained during our visit. One nun we met is a grand niece of Ireland's illustrious liberator—Daniel O'Connell.

To pass from the mouth of the Shannon to Dublin Bay in one day would seem impossible twenty years ago. We made the journey in a day and stopped on the way at two or three places.



AT MOUNT ST. JOSEPH'S ABBEY, ROSCREA

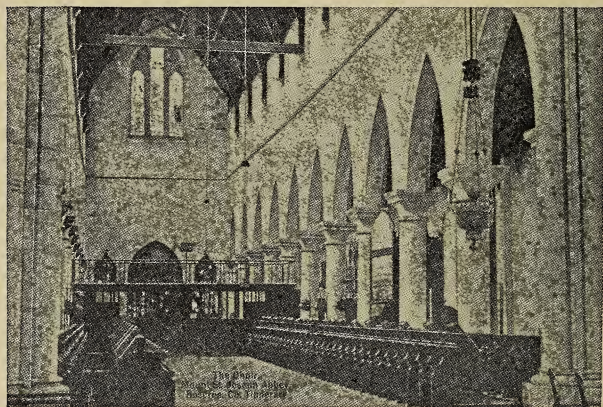
Passing through Nenagh we came to Mount St. Joseph's Monastery at Roscrea. Our visit was well repaid. The Cistercian Fathers at the monastery always extend the kindest welcome to tourists and strangers, and our party experienced the genial hospitality of these exemplary men.

Father Hilary knew friends of our party in America and he welcomed us. His greeting was kindly and tender, and he conducted us to the different points of interest around the monastery and the college.

Situated some distance from the town, the church is naturally somewhat small. The choir where the monks recite the Divine Office is screened from the church. It is large and austere in its monastic simplicity. Daily and nightly the prayers of the religious ascend to the Almighty for their own salvation and the spiritual welfare of the world.

I enjoyed inspecting the interior of the monastery. Like all of the monasteries of Ireland it was erected to endure for centuries and showed the exquisite skill of the builders. An older monastery which was suppressed and ruined was founded by St. Cronan about the

beginning of the seventh century. At this place the famous book of Dimma was written and preserved. At the time of the suppression of the monastery the book and a famous shrine in which it was encased were taken away by the monks. In the year 1789 some small boys found the book in a cavity of the mountains.



THE CHOIR, MOUNT ST. JOSEPH'S ABBEY, ROSCREA, COUNTY TIPPERARY

A gentleman of Nenagh obtained possession of it. From him it was transferred to a Dr. Todd and later it was presented by this gentleman to Trinity College.

A college for young men is situated a short distance from the monastery. It is taught by

the religious and is an excellent institution. It was a pleasure to watch the young men engaged in field sports and hear them while visiting the college give evidence of well trained and cultured minds.

One may not forget Mount St. Joseph's at Roscrea or the Fathers at the monastery. The country surrounding the institution is delightfully serene and picturesque and the thought that the atmosphere of religion permeates the place makes the memory of a past visit more charming.

The journey from Roscrea to Dublin was pleasant. We passed through many interesting towns and hamlets. Maryborough and Kildare especially attracted us. There is a magnificent sweep of country around Kildare. The place where the English barracks are situated is almost perfect tableland and offers the best possible advantage for the mobilization of troops. Few places excel it as a training grounds. The town of Kildare is especially known on account of St. Brigid. She settled here about 480.

Dublin came up to our expectations. We hoped to see a large and flourishing city and

we saw evidences to prove that we were not too sanguine.

Our hotel was on O'Connell Street, and we were fortunate in being so situated as to be near the active life of the city. The pedestrians we met the first evening of our arrival were well dressed. We noticed that the stores



O'CONNELL STREET, DUBLIN

did not close early so many people were abroad on the public thoroughfares.

It caused us some little surprise to observe that the working class did not begin their labors early in the morning. In the United States it is common to see men and women going to their daily labor at half past six or

seven o'clock. Nine o'clock in the morning seems to be a more convenient and a healthier hour for the people of Dublin.

Although Dublin is a large city yet I could not but observe how free the people are from the maddening rush that is generally manifested on American thoroughfares. The gait of the people is elastic and the bloom of health is on their cheeks. I marvelled at the neatness of their attire. To me there did not seem to be the extravagance of American fashion, yet taste and refinement was evident in the choice and quality of their apparel.

The morning after our arrival my uncle and I called upon the Dominican Fathers and were graciously received by them. They accorded us the privilege of offering the Holy Sacrifice in their magnificent church. The church is a spacious and imposing edifice, and the large number of the laity who were present evidenced how exemplary a parish the Fathers directed. There are many altars in the church and from almost daybreak until the morning had far advanced they were constantly occupied by the religious in celebrating the august mystery of our redemption.

Phoenix Park is a delightful garden spot. The people of Dublin are justly proud of it for few parks in any country excel it for scenic beauty. The driveways are spacious and well kept and the flowers, trees and meadowlands show constant care and attention. A pleasing sight is afforded a stranger when he gazes upon



PHOENIX PARK, DUBLIN

a large herd of deer quietly grazing. They are unmolested and move leisurely about over the immense area of the park.

The park is constantly frequented by the citizens of the city and their families. The large trees offer excellent shade and the wide and flawless roads make the park a mecca for all classes.

There are many imposing statues on Sackville or, as Irishmen prefer to call it, O'Connell Street. People may differ as to the relative merits of the different statues and their true-ness to the individuals they represent, but yet all are pleased to view the memorials to Daniel O'Connell and Parnell.



DEER AT PHOENIX PARK, DUBLIN

Statues are not needed to perpetuate their memories yet their life story is newly retold when one gazes upon their monuments.

The Irish House of Parliament is now used as the Bank of Ireland. The House of Commons is used by the Bank proper and has lost its old identity. The House of Lords has not lost its entire pristine dignity and has not suffered much by rearrangement of interior appointments.

In the vicinity of the Dominican Convent I was much edified by the piety of the children I met while walking through the streets. They frequently knelt on the pavements and asked for a blessing. I believe that this is a common practice with the children throughout the city.

One should not fail to visit Trinity College while in Dublin. Rare treasures await the art lover within the walls of this institution. Founded in the year 1591 by Queen Elizabeth, it occupies the site of the ancient monastery of All Hallows. The monastery was suppressed by Henry the Eighth.

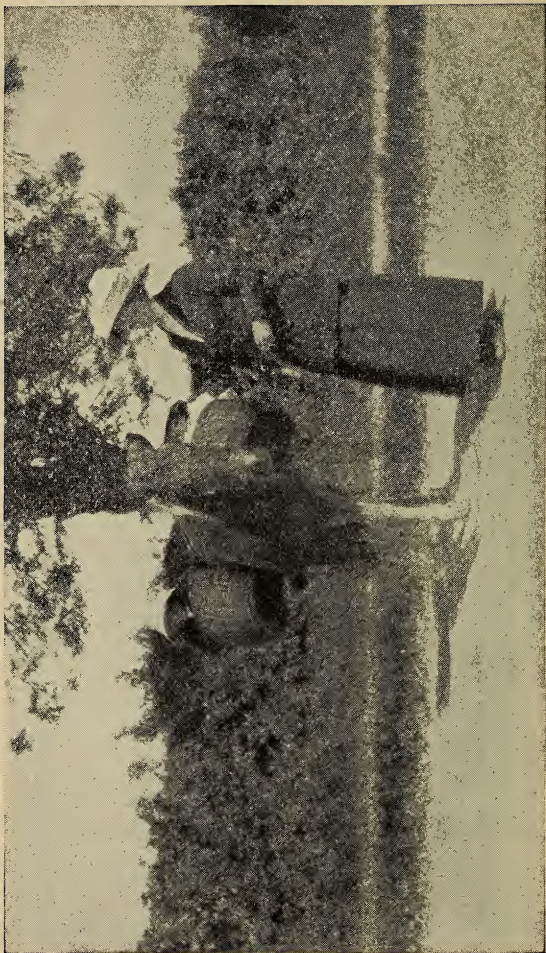
The guide at Trinity College library was very affable and entertaining and took pains to explain the history and value of the rare collections we viewed.

One lingers long in the section where the illuminated Missals are exhibited. The calligraphy in the Missals is exquisite and the coloring after the lapse of many centuries yet defies the finger of time. The monks of old are yet the unsurpassed masters in the art of illuminating manuscripts. Many books in the library illuminated by secular hands show an appreciable loss in the distinctness of color.

The work of the monks is the marvel of students and art critics, for up to the present day the Missals illuminated by the monks have not lost their pristine splendor.

The Book of Kells is the cynosure of all visitors. It is generally conceded that the great Irish Apostle St. Columcille executed the work. Kells was a monastery that he founded and it is said that the work upon the book was done there. This book is regarded as the best specimen of calligraphy and illumination in the world. It is over thirteen hundred years old and hence great care is exercised in preserving it. The leaves are of vellum. The colors are of a brilliant hue and show that the monks were perfectly versed in chromatic art.

It is said that the ancient limners used the quills of birds for their delicate tracery, yet it takes the best magnifying glass to properly see the minute details of the work. Many eminent artists of Europe have tried their skill in copying some of the beautiful pages. They have failed in such pages as the XPI monogram and others which are of like perfection. Some Missals antedate the Book of Kells but they are not so highly esteemed by



SEEN ON THE ROAD

critics. Two pages of the Book of Kells were exhibited the day we visited the library. Those who misjudge the monks and their work during the early ages should see specimens of their labor which have outlived the centuries.

The first folio of Shakespeare's work was exhibited in another part of the library. Oliver Goldsmith's name traced on a window pane while he was at Trinity College is to be seen, as also a prayer book used by Mary, Queen of Scots, with her autograph.

We remained some time before the harp of Brian Boru. This famous instrument is still battling with the erosions of time. There is now no harpist to sweep its strings or to wake its soul into melody. The glory of Tara is past and the harp is as mute as the crumbled ruins on Tara's Hill. Tom Moore's lines instinctively rise to our lips when we gaze upon this relic of other days. It saw the glories of Irish nobility and the regal magnificence of her fearless and cultured chiefs. Many a hero's praise was sung at the splendid banquets, and many a tear was shed when the bard placed his laurel wreath of song upon

the brow of some clansman vanquished by the only acknowledged vanquisher of the race—death.

“No more to chiefs and ladies bright
The harp of Tara swells :
The chord alone, that breaks at night,
Its tale of ruin tells.
Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes,
The only throb she gives
Is when some heart indignant breaks,
To show that still she lives.”

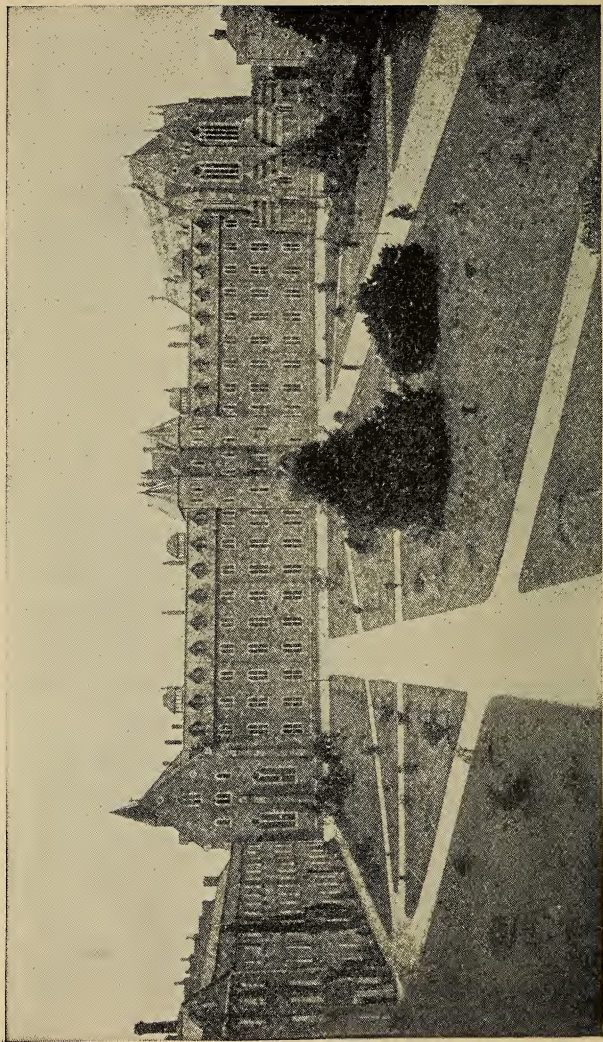


JERPOINT ABBEY, COUNTY KILKENNY



MAYNOOTH SEMINARY

THROUGHOUT the English speaking world there are a great number of distinguished priests who studied at Maynooth Seminary. The seminary is about fourteen miles from Dublin. About the year 1795 the English government established the seminary and endowed it with an annual grant of eight thousand pounds. For centuries the Irish priests were hounded and driven from their native land. They were forced to study in foreign countries, and after the completion of their course they entered Ireland conscious that each moment their lives were imperilled. England feared the Irish priesthood, and when a spirit of toleration demanded that Ireland should be



MAYNOOTH SEMINARY

permitted to worship God as she chose a bill was passed sanctioning the establishment of a seminary for the education of Irish priests. England feared that Irish priests educated on foreign soil might disseminate revolutionary ideas among the Irish people. To avoid this danger and also as a tardy acknowledgement of her past inhumanity to Ireland's spiritual leaders Maynooth College was erected.

The priests who went forth from this celebrated institution have done honor to Ireland both by their piety and their learning. The old foundation has been greatly improved and one marvels at the solidity of the structure and the large amount of ground that the present buildings occupy.

The day that we visited the seminary the students were in the throes of an examination. The large and beautiful courtyard was constantly traversed by many of the anxious students who were either going to or returning from the board of examiners.

About six hundred young men attend the classes. It is quite impressive to see the students in their black cassocks walking through the spacious cloister or intently studying a

tract in philosophy or theology in the library. Though not modern in appointments yet the library is sufficiently large and contains thousands of volumes by the most illustrious writers in the different branches of knowledge.

The chapel is superb. The interior charms one with its beauty and invites prayer and devotion. It is as spacious as many of our large city churches. Those who spent years of study at Maynooth must enjoy splendid recollections of the magnificence of the divine service conducted in the chapel.

To the former president, now Most Rev. Abp. Mannix, of Sidney, Australia, we owe the delightful hours that we spent at the seminary. He courteously received us and personally escorted us around the grounds and about the buildings. We felt honored by being asked to take tea with him and his genial humor kept us in much merriment. We rejoiced a short time after our visit to hear of his elevation to the episcopacy.

A short and pleasant journey outside of Dublin is Tara. A visitor is well repaid for the time he spends at this historic spot. In the early ages of Ireland's history the king's palace was

on Tara Hill. The king was called Ard-ri and held a Fes or meeting at his residence at certain intervals for his nobles and learned men. At these meetings the laws and records of the country were examined and important business transacted. The proceedings were written down in a book called the Psalter of Tara.

The Fes or meeting was held a few days before the first of November and the primary intention was to hold it every three years. After a lapse of time it was held irregularly and finally the nobles and learned men gathered only at the beginning of a new king's reign or when important business made their presence imperative. Tara was abandoned as a royal residence in the sixth century.

In the old days Tara was the center of regal magnificence. One may picture to himself the splendor of the occasions when the flower of Irish nobility and learning assembled at one place. Irish nobles were second to none in the prowess of arms or in the stateliness of personal dignity. Though pagans in great part before the arrival of St. Patrick, yet their religion did not debase them. Ireland has always been renowned for the accomplishments of her



IN THE CENTER RT. REV. BISHOP MANNIX OF SIDNEY, AUSTRALIA,
FORMER PRESIDENT OF MAYNOOTH

scholars, and hence when her nobles and savants were gathered together their meetings were undoubtedly marked by unusual splendor.

The most illustrious of all her pagan kings was Cormac Mac Art, the grandson of "Con of the Hundred Fights." He was a warrior, a scholar and a law maker. It is said that he erected three colleges at Tara. One was for the teaching of Law, another was for the teaching of History and Literature, and the third one was for instruction in Military Science.

All Irishmen are acquainted with St. Patrick's relation to Tara. In the year four hundred and thirty-three, on the eve of Easter, he was at the Hill of Slane. According to his custom he lit the pascal fire on the top of the hill. The king and the nobles of Ireland at the same time were about to begin the celebration of a pagan festival on Tara hill nine miles away. The lighting of a fire was part of the ceremony. The Irish law stated that while the fire on Tara hill was burning no other fire should be kindled in Ireland on pain of death to the offenders. When the king saw the fire which St. Patrick had started he was amazed.

He called his Druids and questioned them. They replied: "If that fire which we now see be not extinguished tonight it will never be extinguished, but will overtop all our fires and he that has kindled it will overturn thy kingdom." The king hastened to the hill of Slane. He summoned St. Patrick to his presence and after



BIRTHPLACE OF DANIEL O'CONNELL

an interview he ordered him to appear before his court on the following day.

On Easter morning St. Patrick proceeded to Tara with his followers and while on the way they sang a hymn to the Almighty, asking for His protection. King Laegaire beheld St. Patrick and his companions approach. All were robed in white. The saint wore his mitre

and held a crozier in his hand. Dubthach, the king's poet, welcomed them, although he had been forbidden previously to do so. St. Patrick, unawed, explained the tenets of Christianity and confounded the Druids. Dubthach became converted and St. Patrick was permitted to preach the Gospel freely throughout the island.

Tara is also remembered as the battle ground of a crucial struggle when Malachi defeated a host of foreign invaders. This victory was achieved in the year 979, the year before Malachi was elected king of Ireland.

In the year 1798 four hundred insurgents were defeated on Tara hill. This insurrection was unfortunate in its results although intrepid men espoused and died for a cause that ended unhappily.

Perhaps the largest gathering of men assembled for a political purpose was witnessed when in 1843 about two hundred and fifty thousand people went to Tara to hear the illustrious Daniel O'Connell. Ireland's liberator worked to have the Act of Union repealed so that Ireland might again have her own parliament. In the year 1840 he founded the Repeal Associa-



GOING TO MARKET

tion for this purpose and the monster meeting held at Tara brought Irishmen from all parts of the island to hear the address of their champion.

The day we motored to Tara was flooded with sunshine. We caught a view of the hill at a distance and naturally thrilled when the memories of Tara's former glory passed through our minds. The ascent to the hill did not seem to fatigue us and we were somewhat disappointed to find that we climbed it so readily. The hill is not precipitous and as part of the journey was made in an auto the personal pleasure of wending our way entirely on foot lessened our enthusiasm. When we arrived at the crest of the hill the full beauty of this glorious eminence broke upon us. It was carpeted with a rich vesture of green and from its unsurpassed objective points a panorama of exquisite scenery was unfolded to us. We realized why the former kings of Ireland chose this eminence for their palatial abode. For miles and miles the charming prospect of Irish scenery bewitched us. The hills and fields and woods were arrayed in entrancing variety.

The hill of Tara is more than a half mile in width at the top and grass covered mounds can

be seen which show the remains of the foundations of the palace and other buildings.

The mound where the kings were crowned invited us to tread upon its greensward and we eagerly ascended it. Daniel O'Connell electrified and thrilled the largest concourse of united Irishmen ever gathered from this same place where formerly Ireland's kingly sons received their kingship and charge.

St. Patrick consecrated Tara by his spiritual eloquence and his lucid exposition of Christianity. Clothed with both spiritual and regal authority he left Tara and quickly won the Irish people to the sweet obedience of Christ.

There is a statue of St. Patrick on top of Tara and it commemorates his lasting work for the people he loved. A short distance from the statue are the croppies graves. These men died valiantly for a hopeless cause and their sunlit homes win many an orison for the repose of the tenants as the pilgrim from other shores or from Ireland stands with uncovered head and thinks of their valor.

After we had viewed the ruins of an old monastic church and thought of the cruel ravages of ruthless oppressors we took a last look at the renowned hill. One incident after

another passed through our minds as we gazed at the desolation which time, like a fond mother, had gently covered with her verdure. The kings were gone; the palaces were gone; the colleges were destroyed; the bards and the ancient heroes who loved Ireland and labored for her greatness — all — all we knew were sleeping in the mighty sepulchre of Ireland's former splendor.

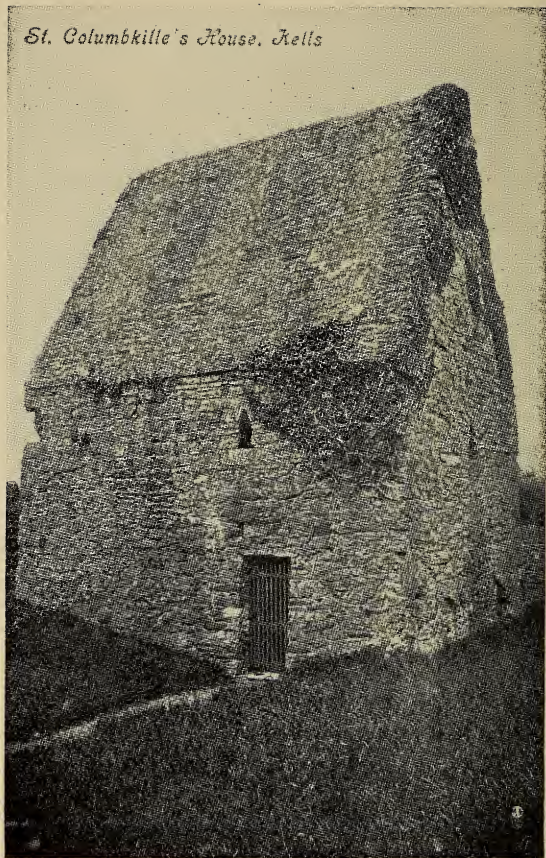
We could not fail to think and sing of Erin as Tom Moore aptly sang to his generation. We encourage Ireland of today when we say in the words of her bard, "Let Erin Remember the Days of Old."

"Thus shall memory often, in dreams sublime,
Catch a glimpse of the days that are over;
Thus sighing, look through the waves of time
For the long faded glories they cover."



INISTIIGE BRIDGE, RIVER NORE, CO. KILKENNY

St. Columbkille's House, Kells





A JOURNEY NORTHWARD.

ON our journey northward we stopped at Drogheda. This town is well known to lovers of Irish history. Cromwell's dastardly command for the massacre of a garrison established there and the townspeople shall never be forgotten by the Irish people. The brutality of the slaughter fills one with horror and invites well merited contempt for a man who is unjustly praised by unthinking Englishmen.

Drogheda is very religious. Though small in comparison with other Irish cities it manifests great zeal for the maintenance of religion. Many churches are situated at convenient distances.

We had the pleasure of being entertained by the Dominican Fathers. Their church is spacious and well built, and the priory where the Fathers reside is thoroughly monastic in its appointments. The scenery on the outskirts of the city is delightful and well repays the leisure touring of a visitor.

Kells.—Both business and pleasure brought us to Kells. This town is renowned on account of its association with the famous Book of Kells. It is said that St. Columcille executed the work on this book while residing there. An excellent specimen of an old Celtic cross stands in the town'square.

The stone cell of St. Columcille is next to the church, once owned by Catholics. The cell is at the top of a commanding stone structure. Quadrangular in shape, it has a slanting stone roof. Entering through a low door the visitor is surprised to see a tall iron ladder leading to an upper chamber. After a rather perilous perpendicular ascent a low arched door at the top reveals a small room. At the opposite side of this room an aperture leads into another chamber called the cell of St. Columcille. Tradition has it that the saint had this peculiar



THE CROSS OF KELLS

stone edifice erected so that he could retire from the public gaze with greater freedom for study, prayer and contemplation. It is said that formerly a rope ladder was used to gain access to the upper chamber, and to cut off all possible disturbance the rope ladder was drawn up after the saint had reached the stone landing. Many remark also that an underground passage led from the edifice to the nearby church. One marvels at the exquisite masonry and the solid roof of stone which has defied the ravages of fourteen centuries.

We were amused in this town when we saw an old donkey passing through the streets unharnessed and unmolested. The donkey was about twenty-five years old and enjoyed rare privileges from the townspeople. After grazing quietly in different sections during the afternoon he returns to his owner.

Dundalk.—We found Dundalk a populous and a thriving centre. The principal street was filled with active pedestrians and there seemed to be signs of prosperity among the inhabitants. The Dominican Fathers have a magnificent church in the town and courteously entertained us.

On the evening of our arrival we visited different sections of the municipality. The streets were decked in gala array and an immense throng of people wended their way on the thoroughfares. On this evening the people were celebrating the installation of an electric lighting system, and the illumination of the



DUNDALK DOMINICAN CHURCH

streets by electricity was welcomed with great joy by the citizens. On our walk we visited magnificent church structures in different localities. What glorious temples the Irish people have erected to their Creator.

We met an American tourist in this town on a Sunday morning standing before a church. He asked us at what time the Masses were to

be offered. Being strangers we were unable to inform him. He remarked that there were few people out early in the morning in Ireland to seek information from. He said that the Irish people seldom took breakfast. The signs in their restaurants, he said, generally read "Luncheon, Dinner and Tea." The word breakfast is usually omitted. One of our



DUNDALK

party stopping at a hotel in the city had difficulty in re-entering at ten o'clock in the evening. The door was locked. The next morning he had to arouse the porter at seven o'clock to unlock the door leading to the street.

On Sunday morning after our Masses at the Dominican Church we again started on our northward journey. The scenery was entrancing and the air was delightfully crisp. We

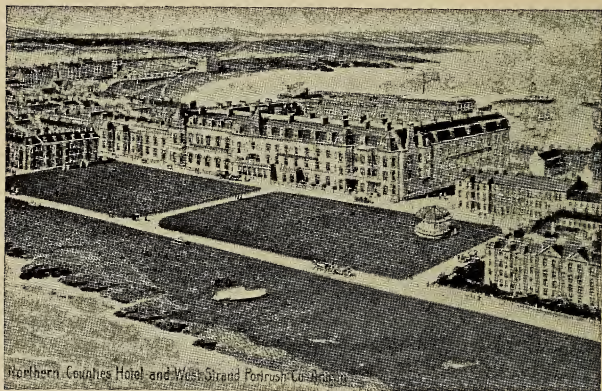
tarried a short time at Glenore, Carlingford Lough and Newry. Each place peculiarly attracted us. The Dominican Fathers have a very fine College at Newry.

While nearing Carlingford Lough we inquired of a pedestrian the direction to our next terminus. He pointed to the telegraph wires and told us to "follow the band of ribbons."

Passing through Bainbridge and Lisburne, we came to Belfast. Belfast is a large city and a great commercial centre. The people are thrifty and the industrial activities give them almost constant employment. An anti-Catholic bias is very evident among certain classes of the citizens. This unreasonable and undignified attitude brought much disgrace upon this city during the recent Ulster agitation.

We arrived late on Sunday afternoon at Portrush and registered at the magnificent Northern Counties Hotel. The vicinity of the hotel was garden like in appearance and the location itself commanded an excellent view of many miles of a disturbed and heaving sea. A short drive from the hotel is the famous Giant's Causeway. Early on the morning after our arrival we motored to this place.

Few people realize the wild grandeur of the Giant's Causeway. After passing the entrance to the Causeway we walked about a mile before we came to the real objects of interest. As we wended our way to the rock formations we were charmed by precipitous hillsides and



NORTHERN COUNTIES HOTEL, ANTRIM

a beautiful red sand-stone that frequently flanked our path.

The tourist who visits the Giant's Causeway literally marvels at the rock formations that he sees. The stones are about a foot in diameter and about six inches deep. The shape is pentagonal with an occasional hexagonal one.

There are millions and millions of these stones. They extend for many hundred yards into the sea and on land reach to unknown depths into the earth. The bottom of one stone is convex and the surface of the underlying one is concave. The stones fit perfectly. In their aggregate they present fantastic shapes. On the



side of a hill the stones are so formed that the appearance of an organ is suggested.

The Wishing Seat offers much amusement. This formation invites the visitor to rest upon it. Three wishes are to be made, and I think that the first wishes of all our party were that Ireland would soon obtain Home Rule.

If I mistake not scientists are silent when asked to explain the perfect symmetry of the individual stones helping to make this prodigy. Some people say that men of earlier ages may have executed the work although the task seems too stupendous for human hands. Others say that the perfect finish of the individual



stones could not have been wrought by nature, as nature in other parts of the world has not executed her designs with such perfect mathematical minuteness.

Derry.—Derry, or Londonderry, as the invaders named it, could not be passed on such an eventful trip as ours. It was the next city on

our northern route. History teems with both the glorious achievements of this ancient city and at the same time with the rancorous bigotry manifested by its inhabitants in recent times.

In the year 546 St. Columcille built a church at Derry on land presented to him by prince Aed Mac Ainmire, a cousin. Later this prince was King of Ireland. About the year 1608 King James I had Derry colonized with Scotch and English settlers. The land had been confiscated and turned over to these men.

In the year 1688 an unfounded threat ascribed to Catholics of the country that they were to slaughter the inhabitants of the city caused great consternation. It was said that December the ninth was the day appointed for the massacre, but like all other unfounded and calumnious reports of Catholic rapine and intrigue the day passed without the bloody fulfillment.

The approach of an army, however, sometime afterwards, caused the people to renounce allegiance to King James and espouse the cause of William and Mary.

Colonel Lundy was appointed Governor. With the leading men he wished to surrender.

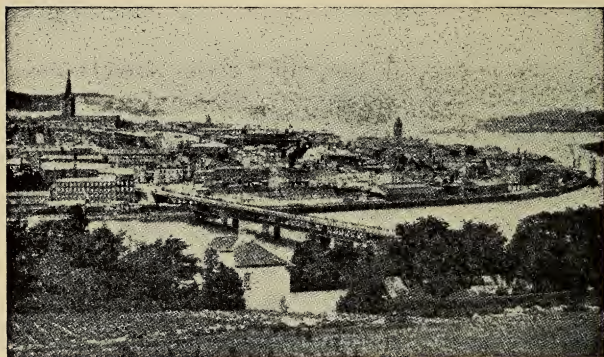


Adam Murray with a small body of horse arrived to help the inhabitants. The people chose him as their leader, and Lundy escaped at night. The prominent people deserted the cause and the common people, undisciplined in warfare, were left to continue the resistance. Provisions were hard to obtain and refugees came in from other places. Seven thousand fighting men and three hundred and forty officers made up the military defenders.

On April 18, 1689, the siege began. The besiegers through negligence lacked ammunition for the fight. In many respects they were likewise undisciplined as a large number of their recruits had been picked up during the last few months.

Towards the end of the siege the inhabitants fought while starving. Their enthusiasm was marvelous. Their religious zeal nerved them for their conflicts and the women especially manifested a fearless composure under all trying difficulties. They carried food and ammunition to the soldiers and hurled stones at the invaders with an untamed defiance. Disease brought on by exposure from living under the shelter of the walls wrought great havoc in the lines of the brave defenders.

In the middle of June thirty ships were seen coming to the aid of the famished citizens. One volunteer swam to the shore with the good news. The captain of the fleet was afraid to enter the harbor on account of a heavy chain stretched across it. The people remained without immediate succor for six



DERRY

weeks. One ship finally broke the chain and the long desired provisions were then unloaded.

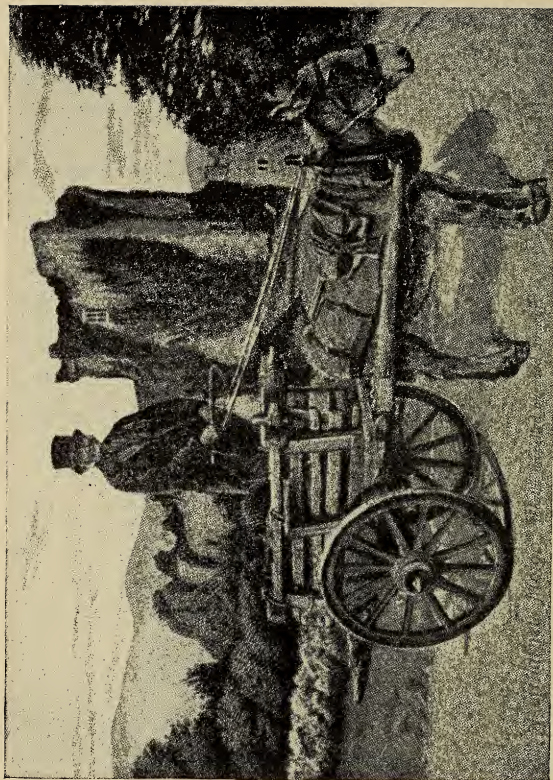
Hamilton marched away on the thirty-first of July in 1689. The siege lasted one hundred and five days and was the most famous in English or Irish history. Of the seven thousand fighting men, four thousand and three hundred survived. Ten thousand people perished,

mostly from disease and starvation. Some of the relics of the siege are still reverently preserved.

The Rev. George Walker, a minister of the town, won immortal fame by his heroism and constant service. His statue graces a lofty pillar in the town and people of all creeds are unstinted in their encomiums for his fearless loyalty to the interests of his fellow townsmen.

To the honor of Derry let it be said that in 1795 when it was known that Pitt intended to remove restrictions against Catholics one of the most timely addresses in favor of his action came from the purely Protestant corporation of Derry whose ancestors had fought so bravely against the army of the Catholic king a century before. Today Derry is a great industrial centre and for the first time in more than a hundred years the Catholics are in the majority.





A KILLARNEY MOTOR



ALONG THE WESTERN COAST.

WE motored leisurely through Strabane and came to Donegal. The pass of Barnes More afforded us rare delight as the glens were attractively beautiful. Though Donegal is a quiet town yet it peculiarly invites the tourist. The Franciscans wrote most of their masterpiece here — “Annals of the Four Masters.” They were men of great patriotism and learning and their work shows deep research and accuracy. It is said that the work was done at Donegal Abbey. Unhappily this historic structure is now a ruin. The iron hand of war and devastation crumbled it. Another place of historic interest is the O'Donnell Castle. Here the famous Red Hugh ruled. He

partially destroyed the castle in 1601 rather than let it become tenanted by his English foes.

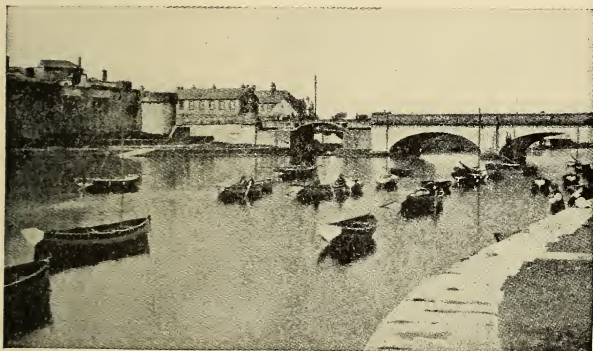
We did not tarry long at Ballyshannon and on a pleasant evening we arrived at Bundoran. Bundoran is a little town on an inlet of Donegal Bay. It is a fashionable resort for many people on the western coast of Ireland. There is a splendid beach for bathing there and an elegantly appointed hotel situated a short distance from the town is a mecca for those who love the superb scenery of this part of the coast.

Sligo was on our road. Though well situated as a sea-board town it does not enjoy much traffic. English jealousy and unjust English legislation destroyed its trade as it did to many other towns along the coast. The quiet beauty of the country makes one linger over its loveliness. One battle in '98 was fought close to this town.

Galway seemed much quieter than Sligo. It is war scarred and even today the ruins speak eloquently of former daring and heroism that make the present inhabitants take just pride in their ancestors. In May, 1652, Galway surrendered to Coote after a siege of nine months.

Ginkel also brought about the surrender of the town on July 21, 1691.

Athlone, the very heart of Ireland, is somewhat of a railroad centre. Besides enjoying the rare distinction that the river Shannon starts in its vicinity the city has the enviable honor of being the battle ground for many a

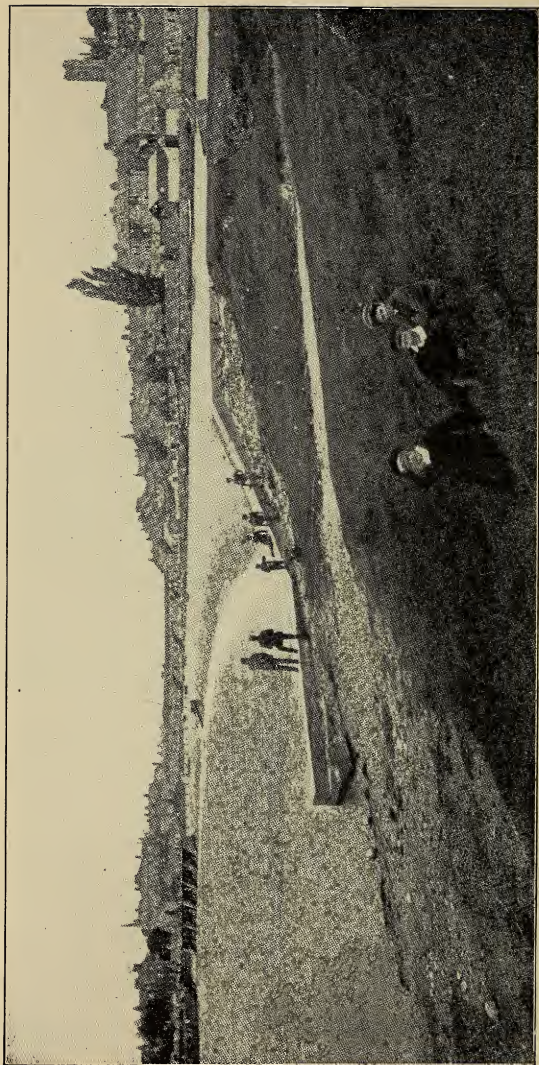


ATHLONE

conflict where undaunted courage and unyielding heroism brought glory to the character of the Irish soldier.

Phelim O'Connor suffered a severe defeat here. He with most of his nobles, and a very large number of his army, were killed in an engagement with the Normans.

The first wooden bridge built on a pile foundation in Ireland was constructed at Athlone.



THE RIVER SHANNON AT ATHLONE

Roderick O'Connor was the man who was singularly successful in thus spanning the Shannon.

An important fortress was at Athlone and it made the town a strategic centre for military operations. In 1690 William sent Douglas with twelve thousand men to sieze the town. After one week's bombardment he was unsuccessful and retreated. On the nineteenth of June, 1691, Ginkel appeared before Athlone with an Army of 18,000 men. He attempted to cross a bridge into Connaught. His passage was stubbornly resisted. The Irish soldiers broke down one arch of the bridge. Ginkel succeeded in having planks placed across it. A sergeant with eleven Irish soldiers rushed to the bridge, and under a deadly fire started to tear up the timber the British had placed there. When the smoke cleared none escaped from the havoc of the British fusilade. Another party of eleven rushed across to where their comrades had fallen and finished the work. Nine of the eleven fell.

A short distance below the bridge was a ford. It was passable in dry weather. Twenty men abreast could cross it. St. Ruth, the commander of the Irish forces was informed of the

English plan to cross the ford. He sent two of his weakest regiments to protect it and did not inform his fellow officers of his specific plans of resistance. Ginkel's men crossed the ford and the town was taken in half an hour.

The remains of the castle are still to be seen and the bridge draws thousands of pilgrims to



gaze upon the quiet waters of the Shannon and muse upon the bravery of the valiant defenders of other days.

There are many people in the United States whose birthplace was Roscommon. There is a quaint beauty about this little town and we were sorry that we could not remain in it longer. We enjoyed a short chat with some of

the inhabitants, procured some gasoline for our car and motored to Carrick-on-Shannon.

The weather was soft and balmy when we reached this town. We were greeted with quite an agreeable picture of peace and contentment when we entered. Some Nuns were teaching in a garden next to their convent. The atmosphere was so delightfully mild that it permitted them to gather their pupils about them on the green without the school, and the sweet serenity of the teacher's countenances together with the guileless expression and quiet demeanor of the children etched themselves indelibly upon our minds.

We made a few inquiries of a gentleman that we met upon the road. His name was Mr. Patrick Flynn. We desired to know the direction to Wood Island, and his information was direct and courteously given. This gentleman marvelled at the prosperity of the United States and the lofty and independent character developed in her citizens. My uncle and Mr. Gartland were sterling types of American manhood and proud of Ireland as their sireland, they were objects of deep admiration for this generous Gael.

Mr. Flynn invited us to his home. Refreshments were placed before us and an hour of delightful converse was enjoyed.

A brief visit was made to Wood Island. Mrs. Gartland of our party called to see the brother of a religious in California. The house was on an eminence and overlooked a lake.



ROSCOMMON

Genial Irish hospitality was shown to us and as the late afternoon was somewhat cold we enjoyed the fine open hearth with blazing peat fire. We did not know that one of our party was an excellent rifle shot. There were myriads of large birds flying over and around the lake. We went a short distance from the

house to a place that commanded a good view of it. Mr. Gartland pointed his rifle at a bird in the far distance and after the report of the weapon one bird dropped into the lake. Mr. Gartland on many other occasions in California proved that his marksmanship was unerring.

We witnessed the making of black peat before we left this vicinity. Some care is required in producing this. When one considers that coal is rarely used by Irish farmers and that peat almost offers the same advantages attention to this art can readily be seen is a necessity. The brown turf is cut as it is found in the bogs. The black peat, if I mistake not, goes through a simple process of treatment before it is ready for the hearth.

We saw some very beautiful lakes at Longford. They charmed us with their serenity and quiet grandeur. To me Lough Oulgh seemed superior to the largest lake at Killarney. There are many beautiful lakes in Ireland and I believe that the tourist dwells as lovingly in their vicinity and muses as tenderly over their beauteous bosom as the ones that have gained more renown.



FROM MULLINGAR TO DUBLIN.

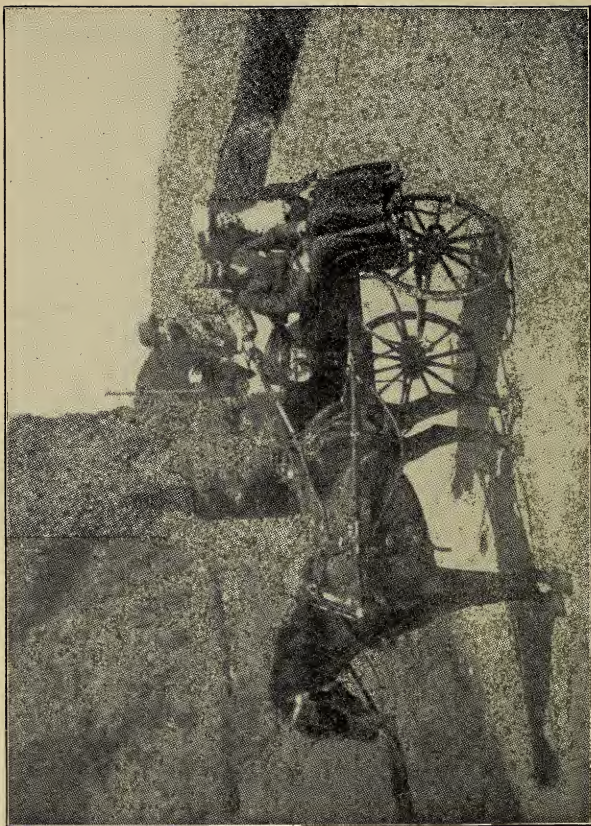
BEFORE entering Mullingar we saw a pedestrian about thirty feet in front of us on the road. When he observed our machine he hastily scrambled up an embankment. There was not the remotest danger to this man, but I suppose an innate fear of all automobiles prompted him when he saw ours to take immediate flight.

We arrived in Mullingar in the quiet of the evening when the towns-people were enjoying a respite from the labor of the day. The air was cool and after dinner we strolled along the

principal street. A Scottish regiment was camped there at the time. The soldiers passed through the town the evening we arrived and presented rather a martial appearance in their national garb. One who has been thrilled with Scott's border tales and charmed with the delineations of his intrepid characters would enjoy the picturesque trappings of these soldiers and the weird music of the bag-pipers.

My uncle and I offered the Holy Sacrifice at the cathedral and were charmed with the devotion the interior appointments instilled in us. Christian Brothers teach in an adjoining school and were present at our Masses. Ireland should never forget her debt of gratitude to these exemplary men. They are intensely devoted to their calling and the thorough scholarship of their graduates attests their efficiency as teachers of youth.

Bishop Clarence Guaghan, the Bishop of Meath, resides at the episcopal rectory in the town. His kindly and affable manner won us and we spent a pleasant half hour conversing with him. He remarked that the Irish people did not rush about in their business districts like hurricanes or with an almost ruthless



velocity like the ever hastening American. To him the philosophy of the Irish citizen seemed to be to work industriously and not worry while domestic happiness and comfort could be obtained.

There was a donkey in the yard of the hotel we were stopping at. Our attention was drawn to him while he was standing motionless in the sun. Presently two jackdaws alighted on his back. With great industry they began to remove hair from his back. We watched the operations of these two birds for ten minutes and during their process of abstraction the donkey did not so much as relax a muscle or move an eyelash.

Dublin was the terminus we were desirous of reaching, as our itinery was about to be completed, but a visit to Cavan was scheduled, as Mrs. Gartland, in our party, formerly resided there. On a Saturday evening we reached our hotel and while Mrs. Gartland was driven to her home I visited the parish rectory. Father McGee was the pastor and his welcome was cordial. I obtained permission from him to offer the Holy Sacrifice on the following morning in the workhouse. This institution was

situated a quarter of a mile from the church. I was glad to be of service to the poor inmates but I must confess that my heart was wrung with pain when I gazed upon the wrecks of a former sturdy manhood and queenly womanhood. It is sad to look upon men and women who have failed in life's battle and whose per-



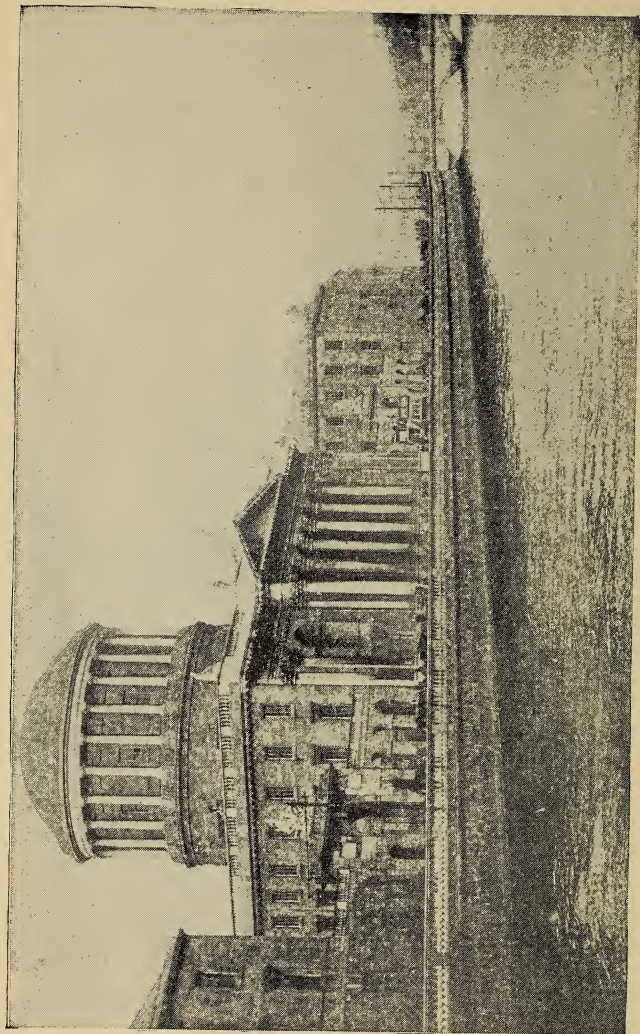
R. C. BISHOP'S PALACE, MULLINGAR.

sonal improvidence or the merciless heel of adversity left prostrate for the public's care. There were not many people in that workhouse and I feel confident in saying that Ireland is not burdened either by a large number of absolutely indigent people or numerous institutions for people of that class.

From Cavan we went direct to Dublin and arrived there at three o'clock in the afternoon. Mr. James MacCarthy, a school mate of my uncle's and a life long friend greeted us upon our arrival, and a trip was planned to his home in Carlow for that evening. We left at five o'clock and assisted by excellent roads and perfect weather we made the trip in remarkable time. On our way Mr. MacCarthy pointed out the school where the great Edmund Burke received the early rudiments of his education.

A late dinner that evening at the splendid home of Mr. MacCarthy refreshed us. The house was pleasantly situated on an elevation of ground and banked on the rear and sides by trees in full foliage. In front, on either side of the walk, beautiful flowers grew in rare profusion, and a well kept lawn of some fifty yards made the whole appearance of the home serene and picturesque.

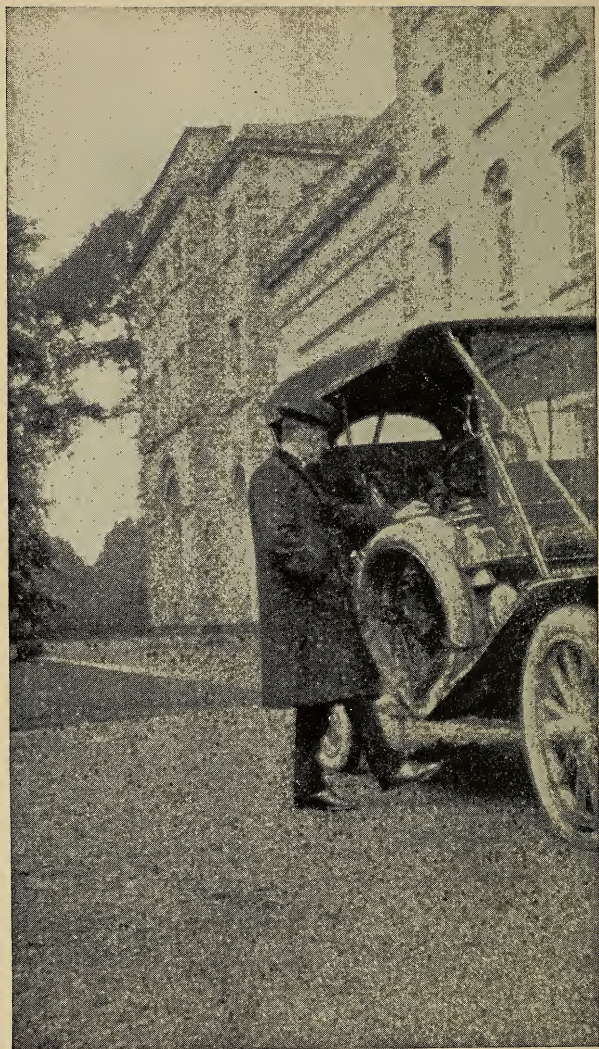
Our host and hostess were charming entertainers and the bright, sparkling wit of Mr. MacCarthy kept us in good humor the entire evening. The host told us the story of a character that convulsed us with laughter. He said that a certain Michael Malone went one day to



THE FOUR COURTS, DUBLIN

the County Fair with his donkey and cart and a few articles of produce. After selling his produce he met many friends and toasted them over a few glasses of beverage. That evening, while on his way home, drowsiness overcame Michael, and while the donkey took his periodical rest from the exertion of the journey, Michael fell into a peaceful sleep. When Mrs. Malone had taxed her patience to the utmost in waiting for the return of her husband she finally decided to go in quest of him. A mile from her home she met the helpless occupant of the cart and resolved to shame him. She unhitched the donkey and led it home. When Mr. Malone awoke the next morning he was at a loss to account for the disappearance of the donkey. Getting between the shafts he dragged the cart to the office of the town magistrate. The magistrate answered Michael's summons to the door and then Michael put the following interrogatory: "Your honor, is my name Michael Malone?" "It is," replied the man. "Well," continued Michael, "if my name is Michael Malone I have lost a donkey, and if it is not I have found a cart."

I was fortunate after my arrival in Carlow to offer the Holy Sacrifice at the Presentation



CARLOW COLLEGE.

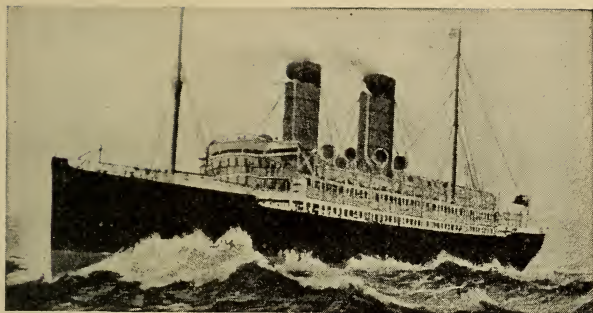
Convent. I have not seen a larger Academy for young ladies, and I daresay a more beautiful chapel than the one the Sisters assemble in for their devotions. A cloistered garden within offered excellent opportunities for the inmates to meditate while walking among the flowers. The Sisters were very kind in receiving us, and the morning of my visit is still fragrant in my memory.

Carlow College is a renowned institution, and being the oldest in Ireland has sent her devoted sons to all parts of the world for the cause of Christianity. The morning we visited the College the young priests and clerical students were preparing to leave for their homes as the second semester of their studies had closed. The young men looked happy and the professors were also quite mirthful. All hard working men enjoy a respite after months of incessant labor, and we can truthfully say that the vacation period is a time that both professors and students treasure. Intellectual effort wears the individual as well as manual, and on the day when I entered Carlow College I was glad to see the anticipated looks of out door recreation upon the faces of the class-worn laborers.

The Rev. Dr. Foley was president at the time of our visit. His school though tried by the ravages of years yet holds its majestic appearance. The faculty were gracious in their reception and entertainment, and a few hours of pleasant conversation were enjoyed while in the precincts of the institution.



O'CONNELL MONUMENT, DUBLIN.



STEAMSHIP CAMPANIA.

GLASNEVIN AND TALLAGHT.

TWO places remained to be visited before our departure from Ireland. Glasnevin was one, where the body of Daniel O'Connell, Ireland's great Liberator rests, and Tallaght was the other where the remains of Father Tom Burke, the illustrious Dominican, are jealously guarded.

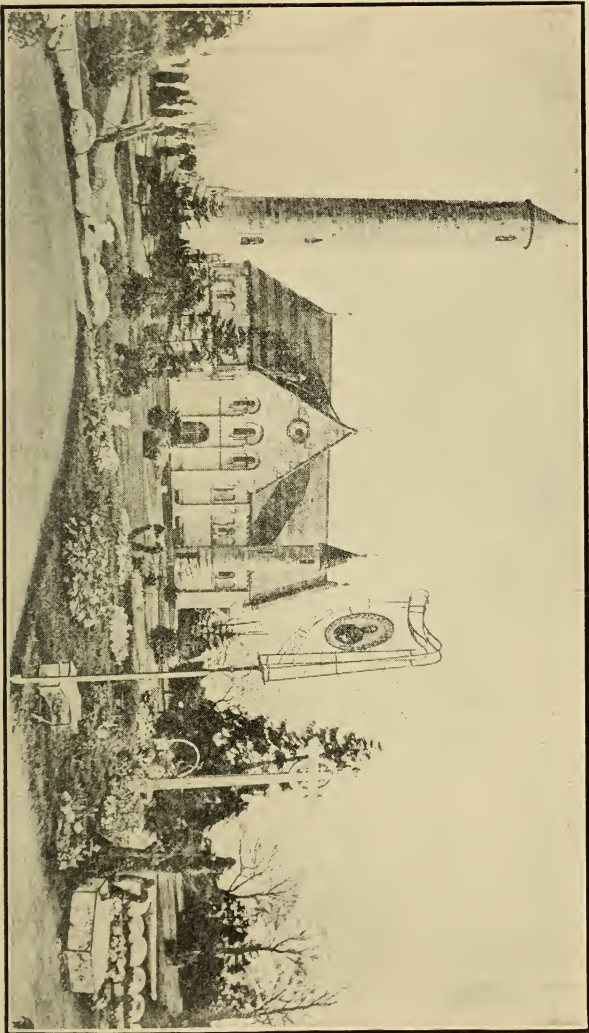
At Glasnevin a famous University once existed. It was reputed to be one of the greatest in Ireland. Students from the mainland and other countries of Europe attended the lectures and returned to their homes, when their studies were completed, exemplary missionaries for both intellectual and spiritual progress. It was well that O'Connell's body was brought

back from Italy to rest among scenes so hallowed, where the monks of previous ages had labored so hard for Ireland's spiritual uplift and the intellectual advancement of her children.

When standing in the presence of the tomb of O'Connell, and after touching the wood of the coffin that holds his remains, one cannot but pass in retrospect the life work of this man and his glorious achievements. Ever the acknowledged leader of his people, he labored untiringly for their interests. No work was too arduous for him when the people of Ireland were to be benefited, and his wonderful genius for organization and persistent agitation for the causes he believed in invariably brought him success.

Ridicule, sarcasm, threatening, yes, even imprisonment itself, could not lessen the intensity of his ardor and devotion for Ireland's welfare, and when stricken by the death dealing angel many miles from his native shores, his last thoughts were both of his God and his country. How beautiful the thought that to Rome, whose doctrines he unswervingly practised throughout his life, he willed his heart, and to his own native land which he loved tenderly

PARNELL'S GRAVE, GLASNEVIN, DUBLIN.



to his last breath, he consigned his body. The shaft which perpetuates the memory of Ireland's Liberator is a glorious evidence of Ireland's devotion to her dead champion, and the inscriptions that are cut into the stone wall of the vault wherein he lies speaks eloquently of Ireland's faith in a future life.

Other illustrious sons of Erin rest peacefully in the cemetery of Glasnevin. They labored long and patiently during ages of darkness and storm for Ireland's emancipation. Their eyes were closed in death before their hopes were realized. We are a more fortunate people, and the children of Ireland today are reaping the rewards of intrepid leaders who knew no surcease in their efforts to make Ireland a free nation.

Tallaght.—The resting place of Father Tom Burke remained to be seen. From Dublin we motored to Tallaght and our visit was well repaid. In the quiet seclusion of beautiful trees and delightful woodland scenery are both the Priory and church so intimately related with Father Burke's life.

He was Novice-master at the Priory for some years, and it is said that with quiet study and

daily meditation at this peaceful spot, he laid the foundation for his great career as a preacher. He did not deem the church sufficiently appointed for the parishioners of Tal-laght, and by means of money he received from



FR. TOM BURKE.

his lectures in the United States, he made possible the new church which glorifies his industry and perseverance.

The tourist is charmed with the sacred edifice. It is substantially built and the interior

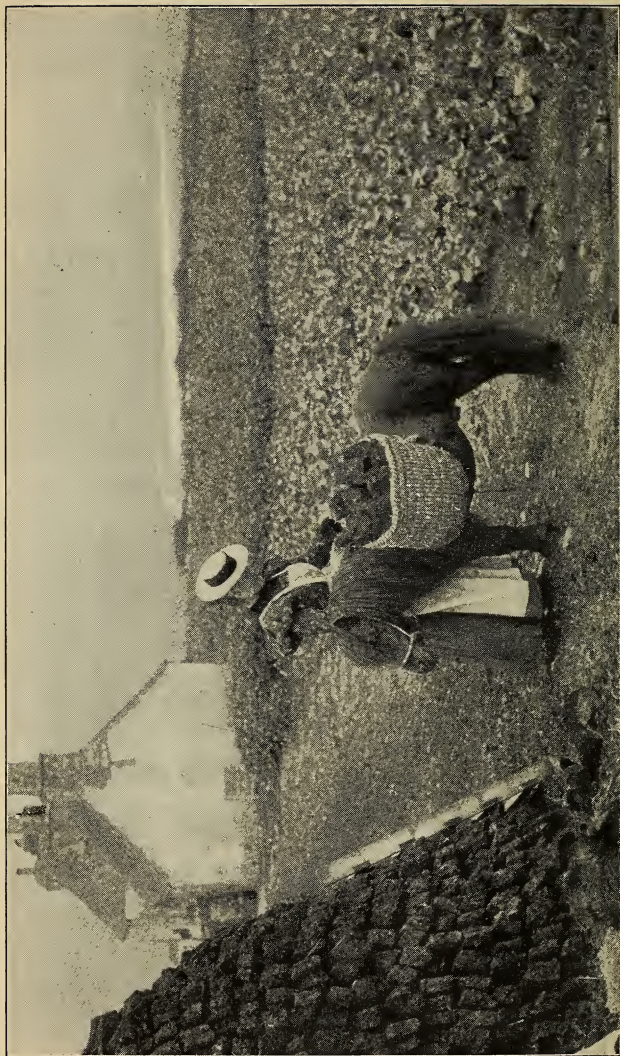


INTERIOR OF THE DOMINICAN CHURCH AT TALLAGHT, WHERE REPOSES
THE BODY OF FATHER TOM BURKE, O. P.

is artistically decorated and devotional. What comfort, what peace, and what opportunities for the practice of their religion he gave to the people of Tallaght by his unremitting labors for this church.

Near the end of the church, at the foot of a side altar, a slab marks the resting place of Father Burke. Visitors linger before the altar. Those who enjoyed his friendship and those who listened to his silver tongue surrender to sweet reveries while they pray for the departed priest. He loved Erin passionately, and after his Creator, to her he gave the great energies of his youth and maturer years. He is not forgotten for his exemplary life and tireless devotion to Ireland's cause, and while the fair skies bless a still fairer land the memory of the apostle of the Crucified shall be fragrantly embalmed in the minds of all religious and liberty loving people.

We regretted to leave Ireland, yet the time for our departure had arrived. We left Dublin in the evening on a steam packet for Liverpool. None on the boat felt sadder than our party, for the hours and days of our visit were crowded with sunshine and pleasure. The



dream of my life was realized when I drank in the entrancing beauties of Ireland's multiple glories. Now that they were to become memories I regretted the passing of the realities.

All Irish people going from Ireland to England gaze lovingly upon their native land as it passes from their view. Our party was on deck watching both the friends on the ship and the friends on the shore bidding adieu to each other. We were soon pleasantly surprised by the sweet and plaintive voices of about twenty young ladies on a nearby wharf singing to their friends who were leaving them the beautiful song of "Come Back To Erin." The singers were comely young ladies and neatly attired and must have deeply affected their friends with the pleading invitation to return at some near future day.

Our purpose in going to England was to meet Mr. John Redmond. The agitation on the Home Rule bill at that time was keen, and my uncle was anxious to get direct information from the great leader on the issue of Ireland's chances for self government. Mr. William Redmond, the brother of John, received us when we went to the British Parliament and



HON. JOHN E. REDMOND, M. P.

while waiting for the arrival of his brother conducted us through the House of Lords. An amusing part of this visit with Mr. William Redmond was the viewing of a large painting of Henry the Eighth, with all his wives. A very appropriate place was chosen for the painting and perhaps it often occurs to the present Lords that Henry the Eighth was not such a good example for Englishmen to follow as other leaders had previously thought.

Upon our return to the House of Commons, Mr. John Redmond approached us and gave my uncle a cordial greeting. For some years past on the day preceding the seventeenth of March a small box of shamrocks was received by my uncle from Mr. Redmond. He knew of my uncle's work in California among the Hibernians as State Chaplain and was also acquainted with his literary work on Irish subjects. He discussed the possibility of the final passage of the Home Rule bill and assured us that defeat was impossible. He told us by what majority he expected the measure to be passed and the recent accounting on the bill in the House of Commons proved that two years before its passage John Redmond had the Irish question well in hand.



ARCHBISHOP M'HALE'S STATUE, TUAM. COUNTY GALWAY.

My uncle asked him what message he should carry to Irishmen in the United States. Mr. Redmond said: "Tell them that the Home Rule bill shall pass and that Ireland's future never looked brighter than it now appears."

We sailed from Liverpool on a Saturday, and on Sunday morning arrived outside of Queenstown. A tender brought out many passengers, and a large quantity of mail. Souvenir sellers had their last chance, and by different methods boarded the ship. The most perilous and at the same time the most amusing way was by climbing up a rope on the outside of the vessel. Some ladies approached the side of the ship in a small skiff and had a rope thrown to them. A loop was made, and making this serve as a seat, the men passengers were requested to bring the women up in safety. The men who were near gladly assisted, and when the women were placed upon the deck they unfolded rare articles for purchase. They did not fail to exhibit flashes of keen wit, and their genial remarks invited many uninterested people to buy from them.

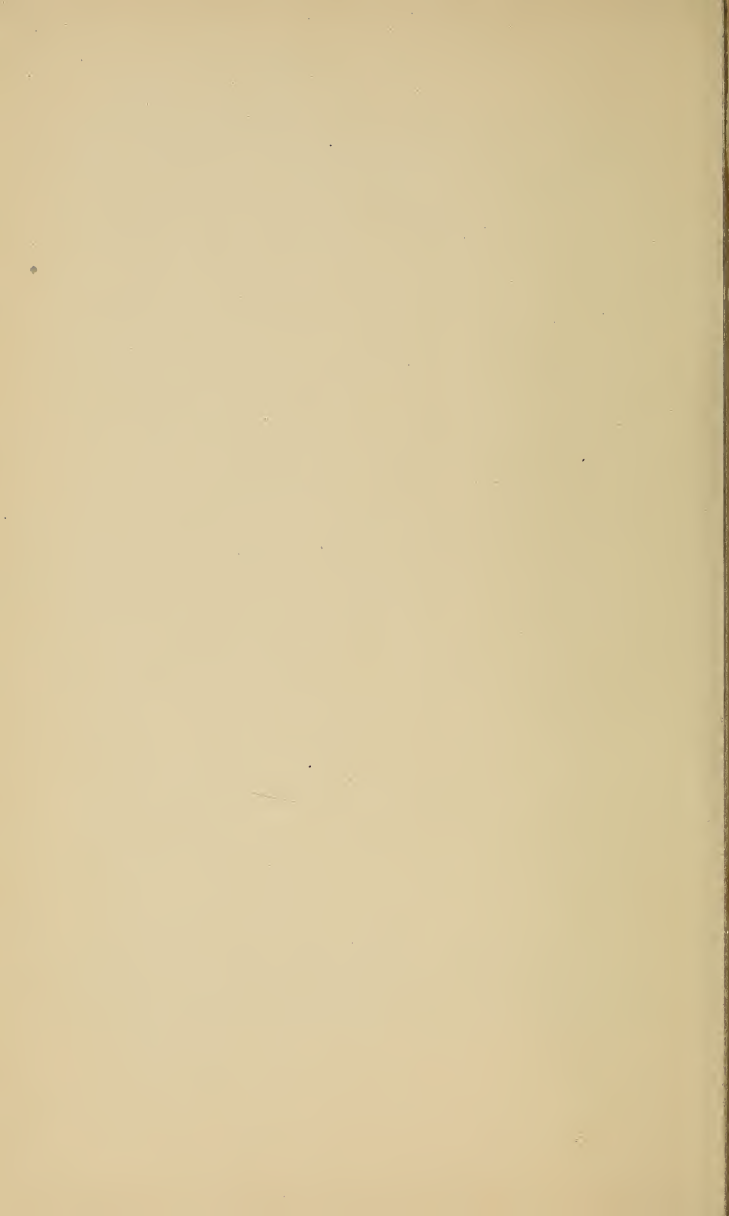
A short time after leaving Queenstown the Catholics on board assembled in the second

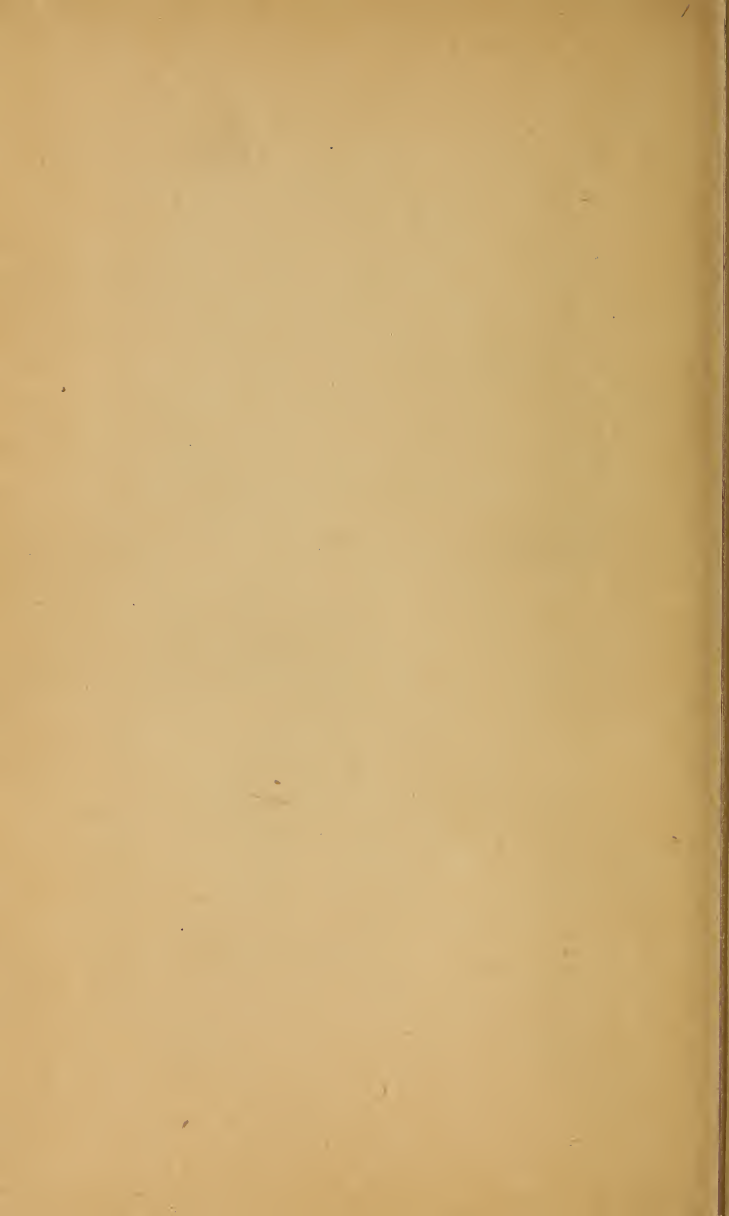


MARKET STREET, TUAM, SHOWING CELTIC CROSS.

cabin for religious services. Father Raymond, a Capuchin Father, played a few hymns on the organ and my uncle then led in the recitation of the Rosary. I preached when the Rosary was finished.

I shall never forget the scene that impressed me during the recitation of the beads. The people with bowed heads were devoutly counting each decade and my uncle raised his voice in gentle supplication as he addressed his words to our Blessed Mother. At a distance from the cabin window I could look out upon the ocean and the fastly receding land. I realized that I was viewing Ireland perhaps for the last time. I knew that many in the cabin would never see her again and that they would die on foreign shores. How beautiful her coast looked. What grandeur appeared in her hills! Before the last Ave was recited Ireland to me was a memory, and I with hundreds of her children was many miles away from her upon the trackless sea.





LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 021 376 947 9